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THE STUDENTS' HANDY EDITION.

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO
THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS,
NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND
A LIFE OF THE POET;

BY THE

REV. H. N. HUDSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE

TO

THE REVISED EDITION.

It is now about twenty-one years since this edition of Shakespeare's Works was begun. The Editor had good reasons for this delay; for, besides that he was necessarily subject to divers interruptions, being compelled to do a good deal of other work, the task has proved a much longer and harder one than he had anticipated. But the edition is at length finished; and the editor dismisses his labours to the public with a mixture of pleasure and regret;—pleasure, that his obligation to the publishers is now discharged; regret, that the serene and tranquil delights of the task are to be no longer his save as a remembered experience.

As for the reasons which led to this edition of Shakespeare, perhaps it were as well to leave them to be gathered from the manner of the performance; but it is thought best to give a brief statement of them, as this may serve in some measure to unfold the plan of the work.

The celebrated Chiswick edition, on which this is partly modelled, was published in 1826, and has for some time been out of print. In size of volume, in

type, style of execution, and adaptedness to the wants of both the scholar and the general reader, it presented a combination of advantages possessed by no other edition at the time of its appearance. The text, however, abounds in corruptions introduced by preceding editors under the name of corrections Of the number and nature of these no adequate idea can be formed but on a close comparison, line by line, and word by word, with the original editions.

The Chiswick Shakespeare has never been reprinted in this country. For putting forth an American edition retaining the advantages of that without its defects, no apology, it is presumed, will be thought needful. How far those advantages are retained in this edition, will appear upon a very slight comparison: how far those defects have been removed, the Editor may be allowed to say that no little study and examination will be required to the forming of a right judgment.

Until the present, there has been no American edition of Shakespeare proceeding upon a fresh revisal and collation of the text with the original copies. So that, properly speaking, this is the first time the Poet's *text* has been edited in this country. Here it has been ascertained from the primitive sources; the Editor having, in this respect, taken nothing upon hearsay, nor rested with any thing short of a continual reference to the first editions. By this process, the Editor has detected and restored a few original readings which appear to have escaped all the other modern editors. But, notwithstanding all the care

and vigilance he could use, some things, as might be expected, escaped his eye in the original stereotyping of the text. Esteeming nothing unimportant on this score, however small and trivial it might appear, he has since made, with much care, a second collation of his text with the originals; and whatever oversights or inaccuracies he could detect have been rectified in the plates.

So that, if a thorough revisal of every line, every word, every letter, and every point, with a continual reference to the original copies, be a reasonable ground of confidence, then the reader may be confidently assured that he will here find the genuine text of Shakespeare.

The process of purification has been rendered much more difficult, and therefore much more necessary, by the mode in which it was for a long time customary to edit the Poet's works. This mode is well exemplified in the case of Steevens and Malone, who seem to have vied with each other which should most enrich his edition with textual emendations. Both of them had been very good editors, but for the unwarrantable liberty with which they reformed the Poet's text; and, even as it was, they undoubtedly rendered much valuable service. And the same work, though not always in so great a degree, has been carried on by many others: sometimes the alleged corrections of several editors have been brought together, that the advantages of them all might be combined and presented in one. Thus corruptions of the text have accumulated, each successive

editor adding his own to those of his predecessors. Nor were any decisive steps taken in the way of a return to the original text, till within a very limited period. The later editors, Knight, Collier, and Verplanck, to all of whom this Editor is under great obligations, have pretty effectually put a stop to the old mode of Shakespearian editing; nor is there much reason to apprehend that any one will now venture upon a revival of it.

Of the editions hitherto printed in this country, Verplanck's is believed to be the only one that is at all free from these accumulated corruptions. Adopting, for the most part, the text of Collier as published in 1842–4, he brought to the work, however, his own taste and judgment, wherein he as far surpasses the English editor as he necessarily falls short of him in such external advantages as the libraries, public and private, of England alone can supply. And Collier's text of 1842–4 is indeed remarkably accurate and pure: nor, perhaps, can any other man of modern times be named, to whom Shakespearian literature is, on the whole, so largely indebted. How much he has done need not be dwelt upon here, as the results thereof will be found scattered all through this edition. Yet it must be confessed that both he and Knight, revolting from the extreme liberty of preceding editors, have gone to the opposite extreme of rejecting many valuable, and some indispensable corrections of the text. This excessive, not to say slavish adherence to the old copies, often in probable, sometimes in palpable misprints, greatly reduces the

value of their editions for general use. In this particular, Mr. Verplanck has judiciously deviated from his English standard, and his good judgment appears equally in what he adopts and in what he rejects. Of the critical remarks that enrich his edition, it is enough at present to express the belief that in this department he has no rival in this country, and will not soon be beaten.

There is one class of restorations which the Editor hopes to be excused for mentioning, inasmuch as, while they are separately so small as to escape notice, the number of them is so great as to be a matter of considerable importance. Every one at all conversant with the old writers must be aware that in their use of verbs, participles, and participial adjectives, the termination *ed* generally made a syllable by itself. This class of words being very numerous, not a little variety and flexibility of language were gained by omitting or retaining the *e* at an author's discretion. In Shakespeare's verse the pronouncing of *ed* as a distinct syllable is very often required by the measure: yet all the current texts of the poet are utterly dis ordered in this respect, so that the reader's ear, if it be at all sensitive, is continually put at odds with his eye, and the silent pleasure of the verse is marred either by discords or by watchfulness against them. Both forms often occur in the same line; which makes the distinction still more important to be marked in the printing. Here is an instance:

> "For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
> The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold."

The same is to be said of verbs in the second person singular, and also of many adjectives, where the ending *est* makes a syllable by itself, or blends with the preceding syllable, according as the *e* is retained or omitted. In these respects, the original editions are printed with remarkable exactness; so that, for keeping the Poet's verse rightly in tune, there needs but a scrupulous adherence to them. And the same holds true, in an equal degree, of his prose, which has as much variety in this particular as his verse. Now, in all the modern editions since Capell's, the Poet's usage in this matter has been quite ignored, and the rhythm of his prose (for good prose, no less than verse, has a rhythm of its own) thereby greatly marred. The present Editor has spent a great deal of care and labour upon these small items of restoration, deeming it of consequence to preserve, as nearly as might be, the words and even the syllables exactly as Shakespeare wrote them.

It may be worth the while, indeed it seems rather needful, to remark that of the Poet's thirty-seven dramas seventeen were first printed, separately, in quarto form, — all of them but one, *Othello*, during his life. Several of these issues, however, were evidently stolen, and, withal, so mangled and mutilated in the stealing, as to be of little if any real authority; though all of them are of more or less value in ascertaining or completing the text. The remaining twenty plays were first printed in the folio of 1623; and in respect of these, that edition, and the reprint of it, under some revising hand, in 1632, are our only authorities for the text.

As to the folio of 1623, a great deal has been said on both sides respecting it. A long and minute acquaintance with its pages has satisfied the present Editor that no general statements can give any adequate impression of its character. In some of the plays the printing is shockingly bad; in others, it is nearly as good as need be desired; while in a portion of them it is neither so good nor so bad as has been sometimes represented. It is admitted on all hands that in several of the plays no text at all satisfactory can be had without resorting to the quartos, many of the best passages, and sometimes even whole scenes, being altogether wanting in the folio. Notwithstanding, it is maintained by some (and this is one of the rocks on which Knight's editorial vessel split) that the folio is throughout the better authority Such is not the judgment of the present Editor: on the contrary, in some of the plays, as *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Richard II.*, *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, he holds the quarto text as on the whole preferable to that of the folio. In these cases, accordingly, as is explained more at large in the Introductions, the older copies are treated as the chief standards of the text, in this edition.

For the use here made of what have become widely known of late as "The Collier Emendations," the reader is referred to what follows this Preface. The text of Shakespeare as given in the old copies leaves open a wide field for editorial judgment, and is in just the state most apt to be benefited by a

sober and legitimate exercise of that faculty. In cases of evident or probable misprint, the present Editor has availed himself of all the suggestions within his reach: where the error seemed unquestionable, the correction is sometimes made without remark; where there seemed any room for doubt on this score, the correction is generally pointed out in the notes.

The Chiswick edition, as things then stood, furnished in the main a pretty judicious and not very cumbrous eclecticism of previous annotation. Of course, the purifying of the text has necessitated many changes in the notes. Moreover, superfluous notes and superfluous parts of notes required vigorous pruning: sometimes additional notes, sometimes different ones, were demanded by the present state of Shakespearian literature: quotations and references, carelessly and inaccurately made, often needed to be verified and set right; while in not a few cases the notes were written so awkwardly or so diffusely as rather to darken what they were meant to illustrate. In the present edition all these points are carefully attended to, no pains being spared to render the notes as clear, brief, and pertinent, as practicable. For the matter of the notes the Editor has drawn with the utmost freedom from all the sources accessible to him; often bringing in illustrative passages that had occurred in his own reading, oftener those which had been quoted by others. It must be added that this work of annotation has been greatly facilitated by Mrs. Cowden Clarke's *Concordance to*

Shakespeare, unquestionably one of the most perfect and most useful books that have been written in connection with the Poet's name.

In his Introductions, the Editor has aimed, primarily, to gather up all the historical and bibliographical information that has been made accessible, concerning the times when the several plays were written and first acted, and the sources whence the plots and materials of them were derived. It will be seen that in the history of the Poet's plays the indefatigable labours of Mr. Collier and others, often resulting in important discoveries, have wrought changes amounting almost to a revolution, within the last fifty years. And there seems the more cause for dwelling on what the Poet took from preceding writers, in that it exhibits him, where a right-minded study should specially delight to contemplate him, as holding his unrivalled inventive powers subordinate to the higher principles of art. He cared little for the interest of novelty, which is but a short-lived thing at the best; much for the interest of truth and beauty, which is indeed immortal, and always grows upon acquaintance. And the novel-writing of our time shows that hardly any thing is easier than to get up new incidents or new combinations of incidents for a story; and as the interest of such things turns mainly on their novelty, so of course they become less interesting the more one knows them; which order (for "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever") is just reversed in genuine works of art. Besides, if Shakespeare is the most original of

writers, he is also one of the greatest of borrowers; and as few authors have appropriated so freely from others, so none can better afford to have his obligations in this kind made known.

Of the critical remarks in the Introductions, perhaps the less said, the better. The Editor, however, may be allowed to say, that in this part of his work he has held it as a sort of axiom, that the proper business of criticism is to translate truths of feeling into truths of intelligence; and that his aim has been rather to involve or imply the principles of criticism so deeply meditated and expounded by Coleridge and Schlegel than to give a distinct formal expression of them. For it may be aptly said that in studying works of art "he is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all." And the course here pursued seems the better, forasmuch as it holds out some hope of conducting the reader, by silent natural processes, to such a state and habit of mind, that he may contemplate the plays, perhaps without knowing it, as works of art, and see all the parts and elements of a given structure intertwining and coalescing and growing up together in vital, organic harmony and reciprocity. For if, without being drawn into an ugly conceit or vanity of criticism, the reader can be made to see and understand how in the Poet's delineations every thing is fitted to every other thing; how each requires and infers the others, and all hang together in orderly coherence and mutual support; it is plain that both the pleasure and the profit of the reading must be greatly increased.

Ripe Shakespearians, it is true, may not need such help, and may even be impatient of it; nevertheless the Editor ventures to think that just analyses of the Poet's characters, bringing out into conscious recognition their individual forms and distinctive springs, may be of service to many readers, not only in making them more at home with his truth, but in helping them to realize more fully the vast wealth and compass of his multitudinous mind. Shakespeare interprets Nature: to interpret him, is a much humbler function indeed, but not altogether useless.

In the *Life* here given of Shakespeare, the Editor has aimed merely to set forth, in a simple and plain way, and without any flourish or fumigation, whatsoever lay within his reach, that seemed to illustrate, directly or remotely, the history and character of the subject as a poet and as a man; his aims in life, and his failures and successes in them; wherein he was helpful to others, and wherein he received help from them. The materials for this work are meagre enough at the best, and their meagreness is apt to induce an overworking of them. Besides, of the little matter there is, the greater part, being derived from legal documents and public records, is of so dry and hard a quality, that to make it interesting and attractive, save for the subject's sake, is nearly out of the question. If the present essay should be thought overcharged with the original sin of the matter, there is yet no law against holding that even such a fault is better than to offend good taste, as some of the Poet's biographers have done, by

elaborate impertinence and ornate and fanciful conjecture. The only kindling that seems desirable here is such as will throw real light on the Poet, not such as would smoke him into vastness.

Touching the *Historical Sketch of the English Drama*, the writer's main purpose therein was to show, what has not always been duly attended to, that the Drama, as we have it in Shakespeare, was a national growth, not an individual creation; and that we are probably indebted for it as much to the public taste and preparation of the time as to the genius of the man. The Shakespearian Drama came, not merely or mainly because Shakespeare was the greatest of human intellects, but rather because he was an Englishman, breathing, from the cradle upwards, the atmosphere of English life and thought, and concentrating in himself the whole spirit and efficacy of the English mind and character, as these had ripened up through centuries of development and progress. In his day, the Drama was and long had been an intense national passion; a passion which kept growing deeper and stronger, till at length an age of daring innovation and expansion set it free; while the further want of an omniloquent organ to give it voice and expression was met and answered in Shakespeare. Thus the time and the man were suited to each other; and it was in his direct, fearless, whole-hearted sympathy with the soul of the time that the man both lost himself and found his power: which is doubtless one reason why we see so little of him in his work; he being too

much kindled to think of himself or of the figure he was making. So that the work could not possibly have been done anywhere but in England, the England of Spenser and Raleigh and Bacon; nor could it have been done there and then by any man but Shakespeare. In his hand, what had long been a national passion became emphatically a National Institution; how full of life, is shown in that it has ever since refused to die. And it seems well worth the while to bring this clearly into view, inasmuch as it serves to remove the subject upon deeper and broader principles of criticism than have commonly stood uppermost in the minds of the Poet's critics. To impart anything like just and adequate ideas touching the origin and progress of the English Drama, the Editor knew no better, nor indeed any other way, than by giving analyses of various specimens in the several forms or stages through which that Drama passed. It is not unlikely that he may have overdone this part of the work; for the subject has a certain fascination for him, insomuch as to disqualify him perhaps for judging how far it might prove edifying or attractive to others.

Of his slender qualifications for the task, perhaps it is enough for the Editor to say that he is deeply sensible of them; that every step he has taken in the work has reminded him of them; and that none, it is hoped, will be more apt to charge him, than he is to charge himself, with presumption in undertaking it. It is but justice to add, that the work sought him, not he the work. Fortunately, by far

the most important part of the task, that of setting forth a pure and genuine text of the Poet, is one where patient industry and care may in some measure be made to supply the lack of other qualification.

In the course of his work the Editor has incurred many obligations; divers facilities having been kindly offered him before they were sought, and others as kindly granted upon his hinting a request. In fact, he has met with nothing but the most generous and hearty spirit of accommodation. To Mr. Charles Folsom, the late accomplished and gentlemanly librarian of the Boston Athenæum; to Mr. Henry T. Parker, formerly of Boston, now of London, England; to George C. Shattuck, M. D., Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, and Mr. Joseph Burnett, of Boston; also, to the learned and liberal Dr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, Mr. George L. Duyckinck, and Mr. Edward S. Gould, of New York; — to all these he has been and is indebted for important favours. Nor must the stereotypers of the Boston Foundry go unremembered; whom he has found as fine a set of fellows to work with as an author or editor ought to desire.

Boston, September, 1871.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

TO

THE REVISED EDITION.

Of these eleven volumes six were stereotyped and in print before the appearance of what have come to be known as "The Collier Emendations." In the five volumes stereotyped since, we have aimed, as our foot-notes will show, to make a cautious, but not illiberal use of them. The same is now done in the first six volumes, the requisite alterations of the text being made in the plates. Of course it is impracticable to supply foot-notes of these changes; and, as it were scarce allowable to adopt them without some notice, there is no way but to point them out in the manner here used.

This is not the place for canvassing at length the general subject of those emendations. But it seems very proper to add a few remarks, by way of intimating our judgment concerning them, and the use Mr. Collier saw fit to make of them. First, however, we must state a few items of history.

In the years 1842–4, Mr. Collier set forth a complete edition of Shakespeare's Works, restoring the text with great care and accuracy, and embodying a large fund of antiquarian and other lore in the form of introductions and notes. The edition has many points of excellence; but there is one fault running through it, which must ever keep it from passing into general use. This fault

is a vicious and absurd extreme of adherence to the original copies. Previous editors had licentiously tampered with the text, acting too much on the principle of giving what, in their judgment, Shakespeare ought to have written: Mr. Collier rightly acted on the principle of giving what Shakespeare did write, but made far too little allowance for the errors of transcribers and printers.

The first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was printed in 1623, in folio form. Before this, seventeen of his plays had been separately issued, some of them several times, in quarto. The folio of 1623 was reprinted, with some corrections and some corruptions, in 1632. These several issues are our only *authorities* for ascertaining the text. All of them abound in palpable misprints; besides, they vary a good deal among themselves, and thus give large scope for criticism in a choice of readings.

In 1851, Mr. Collier lighted on a copy of the second folio containing a large number of manuscript alterations, amounting, in all, to some 20,000, though much the greater portion were mere changes in the punctuation. The source of them was unknown, the date uncertain. Mr. Collier at first supposed them to be nearly as old as the volume itself, and that the maker of them *might* have had access to the Poet's own manuscripts, or something about as good. In 1853, Mr. Collier published most of the *verbal* changes in a separate volume, with an Introduction, arguing strongly for their *authenticity*. He put forth a theory as to their genesis, which, if fully made out, would leave us no choice in regard to them. The theory, however, was mostly spun out of his own brain, and had no competent *facts* to rest upon. But, though maintaining those changes to be authentic in the mass, he nevertheless took the liberty of questioning and disallowing their authority in particular cases; as if he had

somehow got it fixed in his head, that they were to be authoritative on others, and the prerogative of overruling them limited to himself. This of course provoked a good deal of controversy. Dyce and Singer, both veteran Shakespearians, put forth each a volume stoutly repudiating the claim of those changes to be received as authentic, but admitting, in respect of some of them, whatever claim could grow from intrinsic fitness.

Not long afterwards, Mr. Collier set forth, evidently for popular use, a reprint of his text of 1842–4, incorporating therein those aforesaid verbal changes. Surely, in every right view of the matter, this was a very unwarrantable procedure. Shakespeare is the great English classic. As such, his text is a sacred thing, and ought to be so held. And no man must arrogate to himself the prerogative of making and circulating such a wholesale innovation. Moreover, Mr. Collier was in all justice precluded, by his own mode of treating those changes, from the liberty of thus giving them to the public as a part of the Poet's authentic text. In his first edition, he took extreme ground against textual changes, even going so far as to reject many valuable and some indispensable corrections. In his second, he vaulted plump into the opposite extreme, setting forth as authentic a huge mass of ignorant tampering, and thereby, so far as in him lay, corrupting the text more than all the other modern editors put together.

There is in literature, as in many other things, a sort of *common law* which, in so grave and delicate a matter as the text of Shakespeare, requires that changes, especially if at all numerous and important, should in some way be passed upon by the literary public or its representatives, before being admitted into popular use and circulation. Nor can any individual, however learned and sagacious, set up a peculiar, much less an exclusive, jurisdiction of

Shakespeare's text: there is a literary Senate to whose collective judgment questions of that nature must be referred. For men, and editors of Shakespeare as well as others, are naturally partial to their own notions and discoveries; and when these are on trial the case is so much their own that they can hardly be indifferent judges. They who, at least in a moral sense, are best qualified for such an office, will be most apt to distrust their own judgment, and to invoke a more disinterested verdict upon the points in issue.

That some of the emendations in question are exceedingly apt and valuable, is now commonly admitted; and our foot-notes in *Coriolanus* will furnish enough, we apprehend, to satisfy any fair-minded reader that such is the case. A portion of them, no doubt, will pass at once into the Poet's text, not to be disputed by future editors. But the number of such is not very large in comparison of the whole list. Of by far the larger portion, some are, to say the least, of very questionable merit, and many of very unquestionable demerit. To do the thing out somewhat in detail: The whole number of *verbal* changes found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 falls, in our counting, a little short of 3,500. Of these, only about 500, it seems to us, can be justly regarded as deserving of any consideration. Of these 500, again, about one-half had been adopted into the text, or proposed for adoption, long before any thing was heard of Mr. Collier's second folio; a portion of those so adopted being taken from the quarto copies of such plays as were first printed in that form. And of the remaining 250, more than 100 are of doubtful merit, plausibility being the best that can be affirmed of them. Which leaves us less than 150 desirable or admissible changes to be credited to the unknown manuscript corrector. This estimate proceeds, too, upon a pretty free and

liberal view of the matter: any thing like severity of criticism would considerably reduce the amount of obligation to the corrector aforesaid.

But, small, comparatively, as is the number of acceptable changes from this source, there are yet enough to deserve our grateful acknowledgment; and we freely confess that the cause of Shakespearian literature is in no slight measure indebted to Mr. Collier's discovery. It is indeed a very important addition to our means of arriving at a satisfactory text of the Poet. It does an old Shakespearian's heart good to light, for instance, upon such an item of relief as the substitution of *bisson multitude* for *bosom multiplied*, in *Coriolanus*, Act iii. Scene i., vol. viii., page 226:

> "How shall this bisson multitude digest
> The Senate's courtesy?"

Also, the substitution of *mirror'd* for *married* in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii., Scene iii., vol. vii., page 450:

> "For speculation turns not to itself,
> Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
> Where it may see itself."

Yet these changes are not more happy than that proposed by Singer, which substitutes *wearer's* for *weary* in *As You Like It*, Act ii., Scene vii., vol. iii., page 186:

> "Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
> Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?"

Still more delightful, perhaps, is Mr. Richard Grant White's restoration in *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii., Scene iii., vol. iv., page 74: "A god, or a child, I wonder?" where the old copy has *boy* instead of *god*.

Having said thus much, perhaps we ought to add that, highly as we prize some of the old corrector's work, we would nevertheless much rather part with it all than be obliged to accept it all. If he had not made six times as many bad changes as good ones, and in numerous instances marred the text merely because he did not understand it, we might perhaps be justified in accepting a few doubtful cases on account of the good company they were in. As to his having access to some authentic source, all we have to say is, that, if so, then he certainly mixed up with what he derived therefrom such a mass of clumsy and awkward conjecture as to deprive his work of all external support. Such, for example, is his turning of *mother* into *smother*, in *Cymbeline*, Act iii., Scene iv., vol. ix., page 91:

> "Some jay of Italy,
> Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him."

And again, his substitution of *boast* for *beast*, in *Macbeth*, Act i., Scene vii., vol. iv., page 264:

> "*Macbeth.* Pr'ythee, peace!
> I dare do all that may become a *man;*
> Who dares do more is none."
> "*Lady Macbeth.* What *beast* was't, then,
> That made you break this enterprise to me?
> When you durst do it, then you were a *man.*"

All which infers, plainly enough, that we do not regard the changes in question as standing on any thing that can properly be termed authority. Any claim or pretence of that kind is simply absurd. We can discover no reasonable or even plausible ground for adopting any of them, but their intrinsic fitness; precisely the same as in case of any other editorial emendations. And the only argument worth considering that has been urged for

their authenticity rests upon this very fitness, and has no other basis; which of course concludes only such of them to be authentic as are judged to be fit, and so leaves us just where we were before. In fact, with the best study we could give them, which is somewhat more than a little, we have not been able to tie up in any general rules concerning them: we have still had to consider them severally, and to form a separate and independent judgment of each one of them, as it came before us; which, we are right well persuaded, is the only judicious or safe way of treating them. This is indeed a slow and tedious process, and by no means agreeable to one who aspires to the honour of despatching a great work all in a lump: nevertheless it stands within the scope of the old maxim, "Stay awhile, and make an end the sooner."

But indeed Mr. Collier himself has not been able to rest in his first conclusion upon the matter. In the Preface to his *Notes of Coleridge's Lectures*, published in 1856, he confesses to have fallen back upon his old common-sense principles in regard to Shakespeare's text. "I am more and more convinced," says he, "that the great majority of the corrections were made, not from better manuscripts, still less from unknown printed copies of the plays, but from the recitations of old actors while the performance was proceeding;" and he takes this as going far to explain what would else be "an anomalous instance of one and the same mind displaying a sagacity worthy of Bentley, and yet capable of sinking below the dullest pedant." It is a real pleasure to us to record such proofs of this old Shakespearian's happy return to reason and sobriety.

Well, the question has since been taken in hand by the most competent authorities; the character of the corrections has been sifted thoroughly; chemical science and paleographic skill have been brought to bear upon

it; and the result goes near to make out a pretty decided case of imposture and fraud. Yet we are far from being convinced that Mr. Collier has at any time acted or spoken otherwise than in perfect honesty and good faith in the matter. He surely could not afford to peril his well-earned reputation on the chances of so loose and bungling a device. The argument is much too long and intricate for any attempt to trace it here; and we must content ourselves with saying, that while it succeeds in proving a fraud somewhere, it does *not* succeed in fixing the fraud upon him. Call him the victim of a poor imposture, if you will, but not the author of it: we are satisfied that the worthy gentleman does not deserve that; and even if he did, he has already received exemplary punishment in the ugly exposure that followed. But indeed we frankly acquit him of any further blame in the matter than is implied in saying that "he was old enough, and big enough, and ought to have known better" than to rush upon the public such an undigested hodge-podge of reason and absurdity.

The learned Mr. Singer, the accomplished Mr. Dyce, and several others well qualified for the office, have spoken more or less touching these emendations. For ourselves, we have ventured to admit very few of them, relying solely on our own opinion: in most of our adoptions, and in many of our rejections, we have had the judgment of other and better men, to instruct or confirm our own. And among those which we do not accept, there are some, no doubt, that may justly stand as candidates for future adoption; nor is it anywise unlikely that a few of these may sooner or later make good their claim. On the other hand, it is probable enough that some of those which we have admitted may, on better consideration, need to be ruled out of the text. All we can say is, that we have aimed and endeavoured

to be both cautious and liberal respecting these proffered emendations; nor are we sensible of having, as indeed there is no reason why we should have, any bias one way or the other, to hinder a fair and candid treatment of them.

Remains but to add, that a few of our changes in the plates are derived from other sources than Mr. Collier's second folio; which few have also been proposed since the original stereotyping of the text.

Besides the textual changes, the present issue corrects whatever typographical errors were missed in the reading of the proofs, and have since been discovered.

VOLUME I.

THE TEMPEST.

Page 22.

"I have with such *prevision* in mine art."

Instead of *prevision*, the original has *provision*. The sense of *prevision* just suits the context, and the misprint was of a kind apt to be made.

Page 64.

'But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my *labour;*
Most *busiest* when I do it."

The original has *labours* and *busy blest*. The present reading was proposed by Holt White, and is approved by Singer. The Poet as every reader of him knows, often uses the double superlative

Of course the sense as here given is, "But these sweet thoughts, being busiest when I am at work for such a prize, turn my labour into delight."

Page 89.

"What do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's *along*,
And do the murder first."

The old copy reads, "Let's *alone*." The change is proposed by Mr. Dyce, in his "Few Notes on Shakespeare," 1853.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Page 118.

"'Tis true; *but* you are over boots in love."

The original has *for* instead of *but*. *For* does not suit the context, and probably got repeated from the preceding line.

Page 178.

"Come, go with us: we'll bring you to our *cave*."

The original reads *crews* instead of *cave*. It appears in Act v., Scene iii., that *cave* is right: "Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave."

Page 188.

"The other squirrel was stolen from me by the *hangman* boys."

The original has "*hangman's* boys." *Hangman* means *rascally*. The Poet elsewhere has "a *gallows* boy," in a similar sense.

Page 197.

"*These* shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods."

The old copies have *this* instead of *these*. The change ought not to have waited for Collier's discovery.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Page 234.

"To steal at a *minim's* rest."

The old copies read, "*minute's* rest." The change is approved by Singer, who says it had been suggested by Mr. Bennet Langton.

Page 294.

"Master Slender is *get* the boys leave to play."

The old reading has *let* instead of *get*. The latter comes aptly from the mouth of Sir Hugh; the former could hardly come from any one.

Page 305.

"You *see*, he has been thrown into the rivers."

The old copies read, "You *say*;" which will hardly cohere either with the context or with the man.

Page 321.

"To Windsor chimneys *when thou'st* leapt."

The original reads, "To Windsor chimneys *shalt thou* leap." Some change like the one here given is evidently required both by the sense and the verse, as *leap* does not rhyme with *swept*.

Page 329.

"And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, and unduteous *guile*."

The old copies have *title* instead of *guile*. Truth and poetry unite in approving the change.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

Page 376.

"*Vio.* She took *the* ring of me."

Mr. Collier's second folio reads, "She took *no* ring of me." The change is plausible, but misses the right sense. Viola divines at once the meaning of the ring, and will not expose the sender of it.

Page 443.

"Then he's a rogue, and a *passy-measures paynim*."

This is commonly printed "a passy-measures *pavin;* and explained to mean a slow, heavy dance; *passy-measures* being a corruption of *passamezzo*, an Italian name for a style of dancing not much unlike walking. The original has *panyn*, doubtless a misprint for *paynim*, an old word for *pagan* or *heathen*. So that *passy-measures paynim* is a Sir Tobyism for an unmitigated pagan, or a pagan passing measure; which just suits the context. Of course the foot-note on the passage is defeated by this reading and explanation, the credit of which belongs to Mr. R. G. White

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VOLUME II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Page 46.

"I'll rent the fairest house in it for three pence a *day*."

The original has *bay* instead of *day*. There can be little question that *day* is the right word. *Bay* has been very troublesome to explain.

Page 52.

"But, *ere* they live, to end."

The original has "*here* they live," which is clearly wrong, and is commonly changed to *where*. The present reading was suggested by Hanmer, and is adopted in Collier's folio. For a similar instance, see "All's Well that Ends Well," Act ii., Scene v., note 2.

Page 57.

'Showing, we would not *serve* Heaven as we love it."

"*Spare* Heaven" is the old reading, which is commonly ex-

plained, "spare to offend Heaven." Possibly *spare* may be right; but there can be little scruple of accepting the change from Collier's folio.

Page 82.

"He's a motion *ingenerative*; that's infallible."

So the sense evidently requires the passage to read, instead of "motion *generative*," the reading of the old copies. The word *motion* here means a puppet; often so used.

Page 110.

"For my authority *here's* of a credent bulk."

The original has *bears*, instead of *here's*. Collier's folio has "bears *such* a credent bulk." The present reading, which is proposed by Singer, yields quite as good sense, and infers a much more probable misprint.

Page 111.

"He says, to '*vailful* purpose."

The old reading is, "to *veil full* purpose," which is sometimes explained, to conceal the full scope of his proceeding. Theobald would read "t' availful purpose." The change is made in Collier's folio.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Page 161.

"There is no measure in the occasion that breeds *it*, therefore the sadness is without limit."

All the old copies are without *it*, which is plainly required by the sense. It was left for Collier's folio to supply the word.

Page 167.

"*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me."

The old copies assign this and the next two speeches of Balthazar to Benedict. The change is proposed, with evident propriety, by Mr. Dyce. Prefixes beginning with the same letter, like "*Bene*" and "*Balth.*," were often thus confounded.

Page 186.

"Beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, *cries*."

Instead of *cries*, the old copies have *curses*. The change, supplied by Collier's folio, needs no voucher but itself.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Page 268.

"But *earthlier happy* is the rose distill'd."

This is the authentic reading, which some editors, following Capell, have changed to *earthly happier*. The old reading is certainly right, and means "happy in a more earthly kind," as antithetic to happy in a more heavenly kind. So that the new reading gives a wrong sense.

Page 319.

"O me! what *means* my love?"

The old copies have *news*, instead of *means*, which is found in Collier's folio.

Page 328.

"Fairies, begone, and be *a while* away."

The old copies read, "be *always* away," which is commonly changed to "be *all ways* away." Collier's folio supplies the present reading, which is unquestionably right.

Page 345.

"*No* lion fell, nor else no lion's dam."

The old reading is, "*A* lion fell," which is too bad a blunder for so sharp a critic as Bottom. *Fell* is *skin*, hair and all.

Page 352.

"And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest."

The old copies transpose these two lines, and have thus furnished

a standing puzzle to the critics. A good many changes have been proposed, none of which would go. The present reading meets every difficulty, and leaves no cause of doubt. It was proposed by a correspondent, "C. R. W.," of the London *Illustrated News*, in 1856. We thank him, whoever he is.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Page 376.

"That shallow *vessel*."

The old copies read *vassal*, which Collier's folio changes to *vessel*; rightly, no doubt.

Page 384.

"For your *armiger* is in love."

The old copies have *manager* for *armiger*. Why the former word should be used here, has never been explained. *Armiger*, meaning, of course, knight, suits both the sense of the passage and the style of the speaker. It is from Collier's folio.

Page 397.

"A *messager* well sympathiz'd."

The old copies have *message*, for which Collier's folio substitutes *messenger*. *Messager*, which is proposed by Singer, is an old word for *messenger*, and more likely to have been misprinted *message*.

Page 399.

"And stay'd the odds by *making* four."

The originals have *adding* instead of *making*, both here and in the sixth line below. The change, from Collier's folio, is necessary to the sense.

Page 403.

"A *witty* wanton with a velvet brow."

Collier's folio corrects *whitely*, of the original, to *witty*, which is the right epithet for Rosaline. *Whitely* would hardly have been applied to her, as she, it appears, was a brunette.

Page 428.

"Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye."

Here, again, Collier's folio brings us relief, by changing *beauty* to *learning*, which the context shows to be unquestionably right.

Page 440.

"So *persantly* would I o'ersway his state."

The old copies have *pertaunt-like*, which the commentators have never been able to make any thing of. Changes, too numerous to mention, have been proposed, but none of them seem to go. Collier's folio gives *potently*, which is plausible, but does not suit the style and purpose of the speaker, who means to sway her lover by sharpness of wit, not by power. Mr. R. G. White reads *persaunt-like*, which comes much nearer both the sense and the old printing of the passage. *Piercingly* would express the thought well, but would be too great a modernizing of the text. *Persant*, sometimes spelled *persaunt*, is an old word used by Chaucer and Spenser, meaning much the same as *piercingly*. Thus, in the "Faerie Queene," Book iii., Canto ix., Stanza 20:

"Like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the azure aire shoote forth their *persant* streames."

Page 458.

"*Lie* in the *fail* of them which it presents."

The old copies read, "*Dies* in the *zeal*," for which various corrections have been offered. The present reading is Singer's, who justly remarks that the Poet elsewhere uses *fail* for *failure*. The false concord of *them which* and *presents* is but an instance of what was common whenever the verse required it. The change is so clearly demanded by the sense of the passage, that there needs be no scruple of adopting it.

Page 466.

"A heavy heart bears not *a nimble* tongue."

The old reading is "*an humble* tongue." The change, first suggested by Theobald, is made in Collier's folio, and is fully approved by the context.

Ibid.

"The extreme *haste* of time extremely forms."

The originals have *parts* instead of *haste*. The correction is proposed by Singer, who rightly observes that the context requires it.

Ibid.

"I understand you not: my griefs are *dull*."

The old reading is *double* instead of *dull*. The change, from Collier's folio, is not quite so happy as Singer's *haste*, but will do. *Double* expresses nothing that fits the sense; *dull* aptly expresses the reason why the Princess could not understand the King.

VOLUME III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Page 186.

"Till that the *wearer's* very means do ebb."

The original has "*weary* very means," which has posed all the commentators, till Singer suggested the present reading, and removed all the difficulty at once. This is one of the happy instances where, the right change being at last proposed, everybody wonders it was not hit upon before.

Page 212.

"Are horns *given to* poor men alone?"

The original gives the passage thus: "'Tis none of his own getting; horns, even so poor men alone." Theobald undertook to mend this by punctuation, thus: "Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?" which reading has been commonly accepted. Collier's folio furnishes the present reading, which, though rather bold, is the best that has been offered, while it does no more violence to the original than Theobald's.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Page 271.

"*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess soon makes it mortal."

This speech rightly belongs to the Countess, and not to Helena, as we supposed, being misled therein by Knight and Tieck. The meaning is, "If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess of grief soon make it (the grief) *fatal*;" the sense of *mortal* more common in Shakespeare than the one it now bears. To express the same thought, we should transpose *living* and *grief*. The speech of Lafeu, "How understand we that?" is addressed to the Countess, and not to Bertram. The foot-note *in loco* is hereby revoked.

Page 285.

"Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, — good sooth it was,
Was this king Priam's joy."

In the original, the first of these lines is transposed, thus: "Was this fair face the cause, quoth she," in the third the words, *good sooth it was*, are wanting, and the whole song shockingly misprinted. The corrected form here given is from Collier's folio. The Clown is fond of "repeating ballads," and what he sings in this case reads like an old ballad, now lost, from which the correction may have been made. Warburton added the words, *for Paris he*, in the third line, and has been generally followed. *Fond done* is *foolishly done*, and *Was* at the beginning of the fourth line is merely a repetition of the same word at the end of the third.

Page 323.

"*Enter the* DUKE *of Florence, attended; French Envoy, French Gentleman, and Soldiers.*"

This stage-direction, and some of the prefixes in the scene following, are clearly wrong. The former should be, "*Enter the* DUKE *of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and Soldiers*," and the prefixes to the second and fourth speeches should be, "1 *Lord*," and that of the sixth speech "2 *Lord*." In the original, the

entrances of these two persons, and their prefixes, are inextricably confused throughout the play, as may be seen from note 13 page 357. The same Lords reappear next in Act iii., Scene vi., where we learn that they are brothers; one of them reappears again in Act iv., Scene i.; and both again in Act iv., Scene iii. where it appears that their names are Dumain, and that they are serving as captains in the Florentine army. In the present scene, the person introduced as "*French Envoy*" speaks in a way wholly unsuited to any one bearing such a character, as Mr. R. G. White has clearly shown. On this point, the stage directions and prefixes went wrong by following Collier's edition of 1842–4, which distinguishes them as "*French Envoy*" and "*French Gentleman*," merely because the original introduces them as "the two Frenchmen," and gives them the prefixes "French E." and "French G." Probably the original designations "E." and "G." had no reference to the persons of the drama, and got into the text merely by transference from the theatrical prompter's book.

Page 382.

"Her *infinite cunning* with her modern grace."

The original reads, "Her *insuite comming*," which has found no adequate interpreter. In fact, none, we believe, pretend to see any meaning in it. The present reading was lately proposed by Mr. Sidney Walker, and is found in Collier's folio. It is generally accepted.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Page 412.

"As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps *o' the Green*."

The original has "John Naps *of Greece*," which has received no satisfactory or even plausible explanation. Blackstone is said to have proposed the present reading; and it ought to have been generally accepted before now.

Page 442.

"No such *load* as you, if me you mean."

The old copies have "No such *jade* as you." The present read-

ing is proposed by Singer, who justly remarks that "Petruchio's answer shows the word *load* is the true reading."

Page 456.

"His horse . . . possessed with the glanders, and likely to *mourn* in the chine."

The old reading is, "like to *mose* in the chine." No such word as *mose* has been met with elsewhere, and nobody can imagine what it means. Mr. R. G. White, in his "Supplementary Notes," proposes *mourn*, and sustains it with the following, from Urquhart's translation of Rabelias, Book i., Chap. 39: "In our Abbey we never study for fear of the mumps, which disease in horses is called *mourning in the chine*." This appears to settle the matter.

Page 473.

"'Would all the world but he had quite forsworn *her*."

The word *her* is added in Collier's folio, and is so evidently necessary to the sense, that there needs no scruple of adopting it.

Page 486.

"I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you *hold* best,
We be affied."

'Where, then, do you *know* best," is the reading of the old copies, which, to say the least, is very obscure. Collier's folio makes the change.

VOLUME IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Page 28.

"From heartiness, from *bounty's* fertile bosom."

The original has "from *bounty*, fertile bosom." Malone was of opinion that the letter *s* had dropped out, and Collier's folio supplies it. Strange that so easy an explanation of a difficulty should have been missed so long!

Page 38.

—"when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
"*Camillo.* I dare not know, my lord."

Such is the common punctuation of this passage. Perhaps it should be thus:

"A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider. What is breeding,
That changes thus his manners?" &c.

Page 40.

"Swear *this* thought over."

The old reading is, "Swear *his* thought over;" which does not cohere at all with what goes before. The change ought to have been received at Theobald's suggestion, without waiting for Collier's discovery. We have frequent instances of *his* and *this* misprinted for each other. The present reading, though perhaps not altogether clear of objections, seems to us much better than another that has been proposed: "Swear *this*, *though*, over."

Page 71.

"Do not receive affliction,
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd."

Such is clearly the right punctuation of this passage. It is commonly given without any point after "affliction." and with a (;) after "I beseech you." "Do not receive affliction at my petition," is very strange English. Besides, Paulina has not petitioned, and does not petition, to have the King afflicted: she here merely begs that at her own request punishment may rather light on herself. The awkwardness of the text with the common punctuation has caused several changes to be proposed. Collier's folio alters *petition* to *repetition*, and Singer suggests *relation*. Surely no change is needed but the one here pointed out.

Page 74.

"Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A *god*, or a child, I wonder?"

Instead of *god*, the original has *boy*, which has been a standing puzzle to the commentators; and their explanations even more puzzling than the reading itself. The change of *boy* to *god* was suggested, and is fully approved, by the corresponding passage of Greene's novel: "The sheepeheard, who before had never seene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was *some little god*, and began with great devocion to knock on his breast. The babe, who wrythed with the head to seek for the pap, began againe to cry afreshe, whereby the poore man knew it was a childe." This is strictly a *first-class* emendation, at once bold, legitimate, and unobvious; like Theobald's change of "a Table of green fields" to "'a babbled of green fields." Mr. R. G. White is the author of it; and we thank him for it; yes, heartily.

Page 94.

"And where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul *jape* into the matter."

The original has *gap* here instead of *jape*, which is the reading of Collier's folio. *Jape* means *jest*, and exactly fits the sense. The emendation is a very happy one. Yet we need not suppose a misprint in the original; for in the Poet's time English spelling was to a great extent phonographic, and the sound of certain consonants, as *c*, *g*, and *th*, unsettled; so that *jape* may well have been spelt *gap*.

Page 119.

"*Leon.* Heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
"*Paul.* *True*, too true, my lord."

Such, after all, is clearly the right ordering of the passage, the first *true* having in the original got misplaced from the beginning of Paulina's speech to the end of Leontes'. So the Editor fairly backs down from the foot-note *in loco*.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Page 162.

"Though gold 'bides still
The triers' touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold."

Instead of "*The triers'* touch," the original has, "*That others* touch." The whole passage is exceedingly difficult, being so shabbily printed in the old copies, that nothing can be made of it. See foot-note *in loco*. The present reading was lately proposed by Singer.

Page 174.

"Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for *a face*."

The original reads *an ass* instead of *a face*. Both sense and rhyme are all in favour of the change, which is made in Collier's folio

Page 179.

"And as a *bride* I'll take thee, and lie there."

Instead of *bride*, the original has *bud*, which has sometimes been changed to *bed*. The credit of the present reading belongs to Mr. Howard Staunton.

Page 209.

"To *scotch* your face, and to disfigure you."

The original has *scorch* instead of *scotch*. Mr. Dyce, who proposes the change, points out that the folio has the same misprint in "Macbeth," Act iii., Scene ii.: "We have *scotch'd* the snake, not kill'd it."

Page 216.

"And thereupon these errors *all* arose."

The old reading is, "These errors *are* arose." The change is made in Collier's folio, but had been hit upon before the discovery of that volume.

Page 217.

"After so long grief, such *festivity*."

Festivity is the apt suggestion of Singer, for *nativity*, of the old copies. The change is fully justified by the context, with which *nativity* cannot be made to fadge.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Page 243.

"And fortune, on his damned *quarrel* smiling."

The original reads *quarry*, which has commonly been retained, with an explanation which, after all, does not accord with the meaning of the passage. The present reading, which was proposed by Johnson, is sustained by the corresponding passage of Holinshed: "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people to assist him in that *rebellious quarrel*." *Quarrel* was sometimes used in the sense of *cause*. Thus, in Bacon's *Essay of Marriage and Single Life*: "A man may have a *quarrel* to marry, when he will."

Ibid.

'*And* ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him."

Instead of *And*, the original has *Which*, the word having probably got repeated from the fourth line above. *And* accords perfectly with the thought of the passage; *which* does not. The former ought to have been generally adopted long ago.

Page 253.

"Give me your favour."

The arrangement of the verse in this and the four following lines ought to be thus:

"Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. — Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King. —"

Page 262.

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the," &c.

Such is the punctuation of the original, and also of most of the modern editions. A change has been proposed, thus:

"I it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly if the assassination," &c.

This punctuation has received the sanction of so high an authority as Mr. R. G. White; nevertheless the Editor feels bound to protest against it; and he ventures to think that Mr. White got somewhat entangled in his own subtleties of thought. At all events, instead of saving or serving either the logic or the dignity of the passage, as he urges, it seems to the present Editor that the change only mars the former without helping the latter. The meaning of the passage as it stands, may be rendered something thus: "If the mere doing of the deed were to be the end of it, then the quicker it were done the better." The speaker then goes on to repeat, in other language, the concessive part of his proposition: "If the murder could stop with itself, could stand free from the entail of consequences, and find success in the mere fact of Duncan's decease." But now, instead of coming at once to the concluding part, he proceeds to intensify his thought still further by another variation of statement: "If only this one blow might be the last of it, and I could be assured its violence would not recoil upon the smiter, here, in this life." Here we have a natural, forcible, and every way dignified amplification of the thought; and the speaker now comes to the concluding part: "If all this could be, *then I* would *jump the life to come;*" that is, risk the future consequences of his act. At first, the advantages of *instant* action seem to be uppermost in Macbeth's thoughts; but then, no sooner has he said this, than, by a natural rebound, he starts off upon the reasons against acting at all; apprehensions, both moral and prudential, forthwith begin to swarm upon him; and his mind, gathering momentum as it proceeds, becomes more and more engrossed with these; till at last the thought with which he started is fairly beaten down by the natural and providential hazards of the undertaking. Thus the ethical sense of the passage lies much in this, that the very effort to clinch his resolution just excites

and stimulates his large imaginative discourse with arguments against it; so that his purpose dies for the present in the fires which itself has kindled. The received punctuation ought by no means to be disturbed.

Page 276.

"The night has been unruly."

This and the eight following lines are not rightly arranged in the text. They should be thus:

"The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air, strange screams of death:
And, prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to th' woful time, the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
"*Mach.* 'Twas a rough night."

Page 284.

"*Lay* your highness'
Command upon me."

The original has *Let* instead of *Lay*. The change is from Collier's folio. It is more than "plausible," the passage being hardly English without it, or something like it.

Page 286.

"In our last conference pass'd in probation with you."

This and the four following lines are wrongly arranged in every text with which the Editor is acquainted. They should be thus

"This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation
With you, how you were borne in hand; how cross'd;
The instruments; who wrought with them;
And all things else, that might to half a soul,
And to a notion craz'd, say, 'Thus did Banquo.'"

Page 294.

"'Tis better thee without, than *him* within."

The original reads, "than *he* within;" which gives a wrong sense. Collier's folio makes the change.

Page 310.

"*Rebellion's* head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise."

The original has *Rebellious dead* for *Rebellion's head*. The latter word was corrected long ago; the other change is from Collier's folio. Singer thinks "it is quite evident that we should read *Rebellion's head;*" and he justly remarks that "the personification adds much to the effect of the passage."

Page 332.

"This push
Will *chair* me ever, or disseat me now."

The original has *cheer* instead of *chair*. The apt correction is found in Collier's folio, and the use of *disseat* ought to have secured its adoption long ago, at the suggestion of Bishop Percy. Probably *cheer* is but a phonographic spelling of *chair*, which appears to have been pronounced *cheer* in the Poet's time.

Page 335.

"For where there is advantage to be *ta'en*."

The old reading is, "advantage to be *given*," the word having probably got repeated from the line below. Walker proposed the change.

KING JOHN.

Page 377.

"And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so *indiscreetly* shed."

The old reading is, "*indirectly* shed." *Indiscreetly* is from Collier's folio. It does not well appear how "hot rash haste" should act *indirectly*.

Page 392.

"That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is *niece* to England."

Neere of the old copies, spelt *near* in modern editions, is with obvious propriety changed to *niece* in Collier's folio.

Page 398.

"Hath drawn him from his own determin'd *aim*."

The original misprints *aid* for *aim*. Set right in Collier's folio.

Page 406.

"In likeness of a new *untrimmed* bride."

Such is the original reading of this much disputed passage. Collier's folio changes *untrimmed* to *up-trimmed*, and Dyce says the change is right "beyond the possibility of a doubt." Notwithstanding this weight of authority, the old reading is certainly right. Mr. White retains it, but is wrong in his explanation of it. "An untrimmed bride," says he, "is a bride in dishabille; and in some such condition was *Blanche* on account of her unexpected nuptials, and the haste in which they were performed." The truth is, an untrimmed bride, in the language of the old dramatists, is simply a *virgin* bride, as the passage in hand was explained long ago. The meaning of *untrimmed*, as used in the text, is aptly shown in "Titus Andronicus," Act v., Scene i.:

"*Aar.* They cut thy sister's tongue, and *ravish'd* her,
And cut her hands, and *trimm'd* her as thou saw'st.

"*Luc.* O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

"*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it."

The word *trim* and its derivatives are repeatedly used by Beaumont and Fletcher in the same sense; and once, at least, by Massinger.

Page 414.

"Sound on into the drowsy *ear* of night."

The original has "*race* of night." That *race* was a misprint for *ear*, then spelt *eare*, seems probable in itself, and is rendered all but certain by the context. Collier's folio makes the change, and Dyce approves it.

Page 440.

"We will not line his *sin*-bestained cloak."

Sin-bestained is the happy substitution of Collier's folio for *thin bestained.*

Page 447.

"*Courage!* and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors."

Instead of *Courage*, the original has *Forage*, which can hardly be made to yield any appropriate sense; and the attempts that have been made to explain it in harmony with the context seem rather far-fetched.

Ibid.

"Send fair-play *offers*, and make compromise."

The old reading is "fair-play *orders*." *Offers* gives just the right sense, and might easily have been misprinted *orders*. Both of these changes are from Collier's folio; as is also the following:

Page 449.

"I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the *thought* of this enforced cause."

"Upon the *spot*" is the old reading; doubtless caused, as Mr. White suggests, by *thought*'s being written *tho't*. At all events, *spot* is all wrong, and *thought* all right, for the place.

VOLUME V.

KING RICHARD II.

Page 41.

"It boots thee not to be *so passionate.*"

The old copies all have *compassionate* instead of *so passionate.*

Compassionate bore no such meaning in the Poet's time as is required by the context. The correction is Singer's. It has been proposed to read "*become* passionate."

Page 109.

"Lest *children's* children cry against you — woe!"

The reading of all the old copies is, "Lest *child*, *child's* children cry;" which it is not easy to believe Shakespeare could have written. The correction is White's, and is eminently judicious.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Page 329.

"And so both the *diseases* prevent my curses."

The old copies have *degrees* instead of *diseases*. The latter is so evidently required by the context, that we may well wonder the change should have waited for Collier's folio.

Page 354.

"Grant that, my *pure* virtue, grant that."

The old reading is "my *poor* virtue," which does not seem to smack rightly of Sir John in the premises. Both Collier's and Singer's copies of the second folio make the change.

Page 370.

"Then, happy *lowly clown!*
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Warburton's correction of *low lie down* to *lowly clown* is so strongly recommended by the sense of the passage, that there seems no good reason why it should not be accepted. As stated in the note *in loco*, the old spelling, *lowlie*, might easily be mistaken for *low lie*, and *cl* for *d*.

Page 388.

"Led on by bloody youth, guarded with *rags*."

The old copies have *rage*, which is quite at odds with the context. The change was proposed by Mr. Sidney Walker, and is found in both Collier's and Singer's folios.

Page 397.

"Under the counterfeited *seal* of God."

Such is the apt correction in Collier's folio of "*zeal* of God." The same speaker has before charged the Archbishop with abusing the "*seal* divine."

Page 420.

"And all *my* friends, which thou must make thy friends."

The old copies have "*thy* friends" in both parts of this line. The change, evidently right, of the first *thy* to *my*, is from Collier's folio. We have in these plays many instances of *my* and *thy* misprinted for each other.

VOLUME VI.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Page 27.

"The king from Eltham I intend to *steal*."

The old reading has *send* instead of *steal*. The latter, besides being found in Collier's folio, is in accordance with the facts of the case.

Page 83.

"*Let* heavens have glory for this victory."

The original has *Yet* instead of *Let*. The change is Dyce's, and is evidently right.

Page 107.

"But if I *fly*, they'll say it was for fear."

The original has *bow* instead of *fly*. The change is so clearly required by the context, that it ought not to have waited for Collier's folio.

Page 134.

"The hollow passage of my *prison'd* voice."

Prison'd is misprinted *poison'd* in the old copies. Strange the correction should have waited for Collier's folio!

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Page 186.

"She's tickled now; her *fury* needs no spurs,
She'll gallop *fast* enough to her destruction."

The original has *fume* instead of *fury*, and *far* instead of *fast*. The former change is Dyce's, and is exceedingly happy; the latter is from Collier's folio.

Page 281.

"Or let a *rebel* lead you to your deaths."

So in both Collier's and Singer's copies of the second folio. The old reading is *rabble* instead of *rebel*. The reference is clearly to Cade, who leads the insurrection.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Page 334.

"Will *coast* my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!"

Singer shows by numerous instances that *to coast* was used for *to pursue* or *hover about* any thing. Thus, in the Poet's "Venus and Adonis:" "All in haste she *coasteth* to the cry." The word was after spelt *coste* or *cost*; and such is the spelling here, both in ancient and in modern editions; but the sense of *coast* as thus explained is clearly required by the context.

Page 361.

"And this soft *carriage* makes your followers faint."

Instead of *carriage*, the old copies have *courage*, out of which it is not easy to get any legitimate meaning. The change is from Collier's folio. The same misprint occurs in "Coriolanus," Act iii., Scene iii.

Page 438.

"Thou and thy brother both shall '*by* this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear."

The common reading has *buy* instead of '*by*, an error small in show but not in sense, which it was reserved for Mr. White to discover and correct. The word in the text is *aby*, with one syllable elided; and *aby* is an old form of *abide*; so that to *aby* or '*by* a thing is to suffer for it or rue it. For other instances of the word, see "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act iii., Scene ii. notes 14, 23, and 30.

VOLUME VII.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Page 430.

"And, for thy vigour, *let*
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield."

The word *let* is wanting in all the old copies. It was lately proposed by Mr. Sidney Walker, and both the sense and the verse approve it.

VOLUME VIII.

CORIOLANUS.

Page 214.

"Battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more.
Your voices: indeed, I would be consul."

These lines, as Professor Craik has pointed out, are not rightly arranged in any of the editions. They should be thus:

"Battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more. Your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul."

Page 218.

"The apprehension of his present portance
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion."

Here, again, the arrangement should be thus:

"The apprehension of his present portance, which
Most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion."

Page 267.

"We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame. The present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry, here do make his friends
Blush that the world goes well."

This reading and punctuation are White's, and are evidently right. As given in the original, and in all other modern editions, the passage is full of obscurity, and indeed comes pretty near being nonsense.

Page 276.

"And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a *tomb* so *evident* as a *hair*
T' extol what it hath done."

'Coriolanus" is specially trying to an editor, more so, perhaps, than any other play of the series; partly because it is so badly printed in the original, and partly because the versification is so irregular; while the general cast of the workmanship is in the Poet's highest style. Many editors have toiled over this passage, but without any tolerable result hitherto. The original has *chair* instead of *hair*, and *chair* probably ought to be retained till something better is hit upon than has yet been proposed. Mr. White keeps to the original text, but his explanation really does nothing towards making it satisfactory. The passage is, no doubt, corrupt, perhaps incurably so. The present Editor has no suggestion to offer, except that the corruption, whatever it be, may extend over *tomb*, as well as over *evident* and *chair*.

VOLUME IX.

CYMBELINE.

Page 27.

"Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice."

The arrangement of this passage is wrong in every edition known to the Editor. It should be as follows:

"Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign, leave
Us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice."

KING LEAR.

Page 525.

"Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities."

This passage is not rightly explained in the note *in loco*. *Secure* is here used in the Latin sense of *securus*. So that the meaning is, "Prosperity causes us to *feel secure;*" that is, makes us negligent or careless.

Page 533.

"You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like:—a better way; those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes."

A wrong punctuation of this passage hitherto has occasioned a good deal of needless tampering with it. Even Mr. White, whose ear is one of the truest, and whose judgment one of the clearest, adopts Malone's reading, — "Were like a better *May;*" which, besides rendering the passage more obscure, is a slight lapse towards the prosaic. "You have seen sunshine and rain at once, her smiles and tears were like." Here the expression of the thought is completed at *like:* her smiles and tears were like, not "a better day," as Theobald would have it, nor "a wetter May," as Warburton would have it; nor "a better May," as Malone and White would have it; but simply "like sunshine and rain at once." And the speaker then goes on to change the figure, expressing his idea in another and, as he thinks, *a better way.*

Page 534.

"There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And, clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone."

Here, again we are indebted to Mr. White for a welcome item of

relief by a skilful use of punctuation. The passage is commonly printed with a (;) after *moisten'd;* which makes that word a predicate, and *clamour* the subject of it. By putting a (,) after *And*, and a (,) after *moisten'd*, "clamour-moisten'd" subsides into a mere qualifying epithet; not very elegant or happy indeed, but still much better than as commonly given.

Copy of the Title-Page to the Folio of 1623.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Published according to the True Original Copies. London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount. 1623.

In the centre of the same page is a head of Shakespeare, engraved by Droeshout; and on a fly-leaf next to this are the following lines by Ben Jonson.

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life.
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face! the Print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But, since he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his Picture, but his Book.

B. I.

List of Actors prefixed to the same edition.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE CONTAINING ALL HIS COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES: Truly set forth, according to their first Original.[1]

The Names of the Principal Actors in all these Plays

William Shakespeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbadge.	Robert Armin.
John Hemmings.	William Ostler.
Augustine Phillips.	Nathan Field.
William Kempt.	John Underwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley
George Bryan.	William Ecclestone.
Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughe.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinson.
Samuell Crosse.	John Shancke.
Alexander Cooke.	John Rice.

[1] This heading precedes the list of the Actors in the first four folio editions. The names here, as in all the rest of this introductory matter, are spelt precisely as in the original. M

DEDICATION.

Prefixed to the folio of 1623.

To the most noble and incomparable pair of Brethren: William [2] Earl of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent Majesty

[2] This was William Herbert, thought by some to be the "Mr. W. H." to whom the Poet's Sonnets were inscribed, as "the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets." Of this nobleman Lord Clarendon writes,—"He was the most universally loved and esteemed of any man of that age. . . . . And as he had a great number of friends of the best men, so no man had ever the wickedness to avow himself to be his enemy. He was a man of excellent parts, and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning, and a ready wit to apply it, and enlarge upon it; of a pleasant and facetious humour, and a disposition affable, generous and magnificent. . . . . He lived many years about the court, before in it; and never by it. . . . . After the foul fall of Somerset, he was made lord chamberlain of the king's house, more for the court's sake than his own; and the court appeared with the more lustre, because he had the government of that province. As he lived upon his own fortune, so he stood upon his own feet, without any other support than of his proper virtue and merit. . . . . He was exceedingly beloved in the court, because he never desired to get that for himself, which others laboured for, but was still ready to promote the pretences of worthy men. . . . . As his conversation was most with men of the most pregnant parts and understanding, so towards any, who needed support or encouragement, though unknown, if fairly recommended to him, he was very liberal. . . . . He was master of a great fortune from his ancestors, and had a great addition by his wife, for which he paid much too dear, by taking her person into the bargain: but all served not his expense, which was only limited by his great mind, and occasions to use it nobly. . . . . Yet his virtues and good inclinations were clouded with great infirmities, which he had in too exorbitant a proportion. He indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds, almost in all excesses. . . . . To these he sacrificed himself, his precious time, and much of his fortune; . . . . . and died of an apoplexy, after a full and cheerful supper."

And Philip[3] Earl of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-chamber: Both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right-Honourable,—

Whilst we study to be thankful, in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your Highnesses sustain, we cannot out know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But, since your Lordships have been pleas'd to think these trifles something heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favour; we hope that — they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings — you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: This hath done both. For, so much were your Lordships' likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before

[3] This was Philip Herbert, a younger brother of William, and succeeded to him as Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; though as different from him as darkness from light. Southey justly pronounces him "one of the meanest wretches that ever brought infamy upon an old and honourable name." He afterwards became one of Cromwell's vilest footlickers; and for his servility to that faction of the Commons which abolished all the government but themselves, and the great usurper who in turn abolished them, Mr. Hallam says: "The Earl of Pembroke, basest among the base, condescended to sit in the House of Commons as knight for the county of Berks; and was received, notwithstanding his proverbial meanness and stupidity, with such excessive honour as displayed the character of those low-minded upstarts." H

they were published the volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphans Guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your Lordships, but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your Highnesses by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be consider'd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many Nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your Highnesses these remains of your servant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them may be ever your Lordships', the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.

By way of preface to the edition of 1623 *was the following Address.*

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS,

From the most able to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd: especially, when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now public, and will stand for your privileges, we know; to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first: that doth best commend a book, the Stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, nor make the Jack go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars, or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchas'd letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his own writings: But since it hath been ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where, before, you were abus'd with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of in-

jurious impostors, that expos'd them; even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them: Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him: it is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities you will find enough both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Prefixed to the folio of 1623.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much:
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore
Should praise a matron: What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin: — Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, or praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;

And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines:
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are,) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it,) that he thinks to frame;

Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets! and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourn'd
like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade.

Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miss'd, until our bankrout stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' outdo
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

To the Memory of MR. W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. I. M.[5]

Upon the Lines and Life of the famous Scenic Poet, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Those hands, which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,

[4] The sense of this line is more clearly expressed in some verses by the same author, prefixed to an edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1640.

"So have I seen, when Cæsar would appear,
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius, O, how the audience
Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!"

H.

[5] Supposed to be the initials of John Marston. H.

Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's public tiring-house,) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

ADDITIONAL COMMENDATORY VERSES,

Prefixed to the folio of 1632.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *and his Works.*

Spectator, this life's shadow is: — to see
This truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep: so, — when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise, —
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could,)
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet. W. SHAKESPEARE [6]

What needs my Shakespeare, for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

[6] The authorship of these lines was ascertained by their appearing in an edition of Milton's Poems, published in 1645. H.

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

On worthy Master Shakespeare, *And his Poems.*

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,—
Distant a thousand years,—and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of Death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live:
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shows, to give a stage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage;

Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport: —
— While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down both joy and ire
To steer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stolen from ourselves: —
This, — and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast, —
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin'd muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another, —
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother, —
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring:
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string

Of golden wire, each line of silk: there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; their plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent, — death may destroy,
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat;
In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat: —
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

I. M. S.[7]

[7] What name these initials may stand for, has not been ascertained. So that the authorship of this great little poem, — perhaps the noblest tribute ever paid by one human being to another, — is still involved in mystery. Mr. Collier, a good authority, says, — and Mr. Verplanck, a better, endorses him, — "I. M. S. may possibly be John Milton, *Student*. We know of no other poet of the time capable of writing the lines. We feel morally certain that they are by Milton." And, sure enough, Milton is the only man of that time who has left any similar marks. And the initials may well enough be supposed to extend over this and the preceding piece. It may indeed be urged that if such were the case the latter would naturally have appeared among his Poems in 1645. But perhaps it is a sufficient answer to this, that in 1632 Milton was not too much a Puritan to write such lines; whereas in 1645 he was too far committed that way to put them forth as his.

LIST OF PLAYS'

Prefixed to the folio of 1623.

A CATALOGUE of the several Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

COMEDIES.

The Tempest.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Measure for Measure.
The Comedy of Errors.
Much Ado about Nothing
Love's Labour's Lost.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
The Merchant of Venice.
As You Like It.
The Taming of The Shrew.
All's Well That Ends Well.
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.
The Winter's Tale.

HISTORIES.

The Life and Death of King John.
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The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

TRAGEDIES.

Troilus and Cressida.[g]
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.
Titus Andronicus.
Romeo and Juliet.
Timon of Athens.
The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
King Lear.
Othello the Moor of Venice.
Anthony and Cleopatra.
Cymbeline King of Britain.

[g] Not set down in the Catalogue, though included in the edition. H.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TEMPEST.

THE TEMPEST was first printed in the folio of 1623, in which edition it stands the first of the series. As this play was undoubtedly written in the later years of the Poet's life, the reason of its standing first is not apparent. Nor is it much more apparent why the arrangement of that edition should be broken up, until more is known of the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written.

The play was originally printed with great accuracy for the time: the true reading is seldom doubtful; for which cause commentators have not often found it easy to mar the text under the notion of improving it.

It has been ascertained clearly enough that The Tempest was written somewhere between 1603 and 1612. That it was written after the former date, is rendered almost certain in that the leading features of Gonzalo's commonwealth were plainly taken from Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was printed that year. The passage of Montaigne is given in a note, from which the reader may see that the resemblance is too close to have been accidental. If any see fit to maintain, as some have done, that Shakespeare *might* have seen the passage in question before it was printed, we will not argue with them; our concern being with facts, not with possibilities.

The Tempest was performed at Court, "by the King's Players," Nov. 1, 1611. This fact was but lately discovered; and for the discovery we are indebted to "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society; where the following memorandum occurs: "Hollowmas night was presented at Whitehall before the King's Majesty a play called The Tempest." Until this discovery the earliest known performance of the play was in "the beginning of the year 1613," when, as Malone proved from Vertue's MSS., it was acted

by "the King's company before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine." So that the play must needs have been written before 1612.

As to any nearer fixing of the date we have nothing to go upon but probabilities. Some of these, however, are pretty strong From the "Extracts" already quoted it appears that eleven other plays, Winter's Tale being one of them, were acted at Court within a year after the last of Oct. 1611, the oldest of which, so far as hath been ascertained, had not been written more than three years. From which it seems probable that The Tempest was not then an old play; and perhaps it was selected by the Master of the Revels for its novelty and its popularity on the public stage.

Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair was first acted in 1614, and written perhaps the year before; the Induction of which has an apparent, though not necessarily ill-natured glance at both The Tempest and Winter's Tale: "If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says; nor a nest of *Antiques?* He is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*." We agree with Mr. Collier that some of the words in Italic, which we give just as they stand in the original, are "so applicable to The Tempest, that they can hardly refer to any thing else." Which seems to warrant the inference that Bartholomew Fair was written while The Tempest and Winter's Tale were yet in the morn and blush of popular favour.

It can hardly be questioned that Shakespeare drew some of his materials for The Tempest from the sources thus indicated by Malone: "Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, with nine ships and five hundred people, sailed from England in May, 1609, on board the Sea Venture, which was called *the Admiral's Ship;* and on the 25th of July she was parted from the rest by a *terrible tempest*, which lasted forty-eight hours, and scattered the whole fleet, wherein some of them lost their masts, and others were much distressed. Seven of the vessels, however, reached Virginia; and, after landing about three hundred and fifty persons, again set sail for England. During a great part of the year 1610 the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived in August or September." In 1610 "one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with Sir Thomas Gates, published a pamphlet, entitled 'A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Devils.'" In this book, after relating the circumstances of their shipwreck, the author says: "But our delivery was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon land, than our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes and all men's expectations, most admirable. For the Islands of the Bermudas

as every man knoweth, that hath heard or read of them, were *never inhabited* by any Christian or Heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and *inchanted place*, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Devil himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place; but as, against their wills, they have, by storms and dangerousness of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwreck. Yet did we find there the *air so temperate*, and *the country so abundantly fruitful* of all fit necessaries for the susteutation and preservation of man's life, that notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months, we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there." Somewhat later the Council of Virginia put forth a narrative of "the disasters which had befallen the fleet, and of their miraculous escape," wherein they say: "These Islands of the Bermudas have ever been accounted an *inchanted* pile of rocks, and a *desert inhabitation for devils;* but all the *fairies* of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine."

The words in Italic may suggest a probable explanation of some points in the play. It is hardly needful to add, that the Poet's "still-vex'd Bermoothes" seems to link his work in some way with Jourdan's narrative. So that it is not easy to see how an earlier date can be assigned for The Tempest than 1610. The supernatural in the play was undoubtedly the Poet's own work; but it had been in strict keeping with his usual method to avail himself of whatsoever interest may have sprung from the popular notions touching the Bermudas. In his marvellous creations the people of course would see nothing but the distant marvels with which their fancies were prepossessed.

Concurrent with this external evidence is the internal evidence of the play itself. The style, language, and general tone of thought, the union of richness and severity, the grave, austere beauty of character that pervades it, and the organic compactness of its whole structure, all go to mark it as an issue of the Poet's ripest years. Mr. Collier says that Coleridge, in his lectures, "spoke of The Tempest as certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only;" and Schlegel, probably for similar reasons, was of the same opinion. Campbell, the poet, supposes it to have been his very latest work: "The Tempest has a sort of sacredness, as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakespeare, as if conscious that it would be his last and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up

'spirits from the vasty deep,' and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff. and bury it fathoms in the ocean, —

'Deeper than did ever plummet sound.'

That staff has never been and will never be recovered." But there is more of poetry than of truth in this statement; at least we have no warrant for it: whereas, besides the improbability that Shakespeare would pass the last six years of his life entirely aloof from the wonted play of his faculties, — besides this, there is good ground for believing that at least Coriolanus, Cymbeline, and perhaps Winter's Tale, were written after The Tempest. Mr. Verplanck, a critic of rare taste and judgment, rather than give up the notion so well put by Campbell, conjectures that the Poet may have *revised* The Tempest after all his other plays were written, and *inserted* the passage where Prospero abjures his "rough magic," and buries his staff, and drowns his book. But we cannot believe that Shakespeare had any reference to himself in that passage; for, besides that he evidently did not use to put his own feelings and purposes into the mouth of his characters, his doing so in this case would fairly infer such a degree of self-exultation as, it seems to us, his native and habitual modesty would hardly permit.

No play or novel has been discovered, to which Shakespeare could have been indebted for the plot or matter of The Tempest. Thomas Warton indeed tells a curious story, how Collins during his mental aberration said he had seen an Italian Romance, called Aurelio and Isabella, which contained the story of The Tempest. But Collins was afterwards found to be mistaken, there being no such matter in that Romance; and though the poor crazed poet may have put one name for another, it seems more likely that in the disorder of his mind his recollections of The Tempest itself got mixed up with other matter. Mr. Collier says: "We have turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of The Tempest, but without success." So that the notion started by Collins probably may as well be given up.

What may be the issue of another notion started since, is not so clear. Mr. Thoms informs us through the New Monthly Magazine of Jan. 1841, that Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, was the author or translator of thirty plays, published in 1618. He is quite confident that Shakespeare derived his idea of The Tempest from a play of Ayrer's, called The Beautiful Sidea But besides that the resemblances, even as stated by Mr. Thoms,

are so slight or of such a kind as hardly to infer any connection between them, there appears nothing to hinder that Ayrer's play may have been indebted to The Tempest, it being quite certain that some English dramas were known in Germany at that early period. The whole matter indeed is much too loose for us to build any conclusion upon.

There is an old ballad called The Inchanted Island, which was once thought to have contributed something towards The Tempest. But it is now generally allowed to be more modern than the play, and probably founded upon it; the names and some points of the story being varied, as if on purpose to hide its connection with a work that was popular on the stage. In the ballad no locality is given to the Island: on the contrary we are told:

> "From that daie forth the isle has beene
> By wandering sailors never scene:
> Some say, 'tis buryed deepe
> Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
> Above its savage rocky shores,
> Nor e'er is known to sleepe."

Wherefore, we shall probably have to rest, for the present, in the belief that in the case of The Tempest Shakespeare drew from no external source but the one already mentioned.

There has been considerable discussion of late years as to the *scene* of The Tempest. A wide range of critics, from dull Mr. Chalmers to eloquent Mrs. Jameson, have taken for granted that the Poet fixed the scene of his drama in the Bermudas. For this they seem not to have had nor desired any authority but his mention of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes." Ariel's trip from "the deep nook to fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes" does indeed show that the Bermudas were in the Poet's mind: but then it also shows that his scene was not there; for it had been no feat at all worth mentioning for Ariel to fetch dew from one part of the island to another. On the other hand, Mr. Hunter is very positive that if we read the play with a map before us, (only think of it! reading The Tempest with a map!) we shall bring up at the island of Lampedusa, which "lies midway between Malta and the African coast." He will hardly tolerate any other notion: "What I contend for is the *absolute claim* of Lampedusa to have been the island in the Poet's mind when he drew the scenes of this drama." Mr. Hunter makes out a pretty strong case, nevertheless we must be excused; not so much that we positively reject his theory, as that we simply do not care whether it be right or not. But if we must have any supposal about it the most reasonable as well as most poetical one seems to be that the Poet, writing without a map, placed his scene upon an island of the mind, that his readers might not have to go away from

nome to learn the truth of his representation; and that it suited his purpose to transfer to his ideal whereabout some of the wonders and marvels of trans-Atlantic discovery. We should as soon think of going to history for the characters of Ariel and Caliban, as of going to geography for the size, locality, or whatever else, of their dwelling-place.

"The Tempest," says Coleridge, "is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events, — but a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the Poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of geography and chronology, — no mortal sins in any species, — are venial faults, and count for nothing."

In these remarks of the great critic there is but one point from which we should at all dissent. We cannot quite agree that the drama is *purely* romantic. Highly romantic it certainly is, in its wide, free, bold variety of character and incident, in its many-shaded, richly-diversified perspective, in all the qualities indeed that enter into the picturesque; yet not romantic in such a sort, we think, but that it is at the same time equally classic; classic, not only in that the unities of time and place are strictly observed, but as having the other qualities which naturally follow and cleave to these laws of the classic form; in its solemn thought, its severe beauty, and majestic simplicity, its matchless interfusion of the lyrical and the ethical, and in the mellow atmosphere of serenity and composure which hovers over and envelops it: as if on purpose to show the Poet's mastery, not only of both the classic and the romantic drama, but of the common nature out of which both of them grew, and in which both are reconciled. This union of both kinds in one without any hindrance to the distinctive qualities of either, — this it is, we think, that chiefly distinguishes The Tempest from the Poet's other dramas. Some have thought that in this play Shakespeare studiously undertook to silence the pedantic cavillers of his time, by showing that he could keep to the rules of the Greek stage, if he chose to do so, without being any the less himself. But it seems more likely that he was here drawn into such a course by the workings of his wise spirit than by the cavils of contemporary critics; the form appearing too cognate and congenial with the matter to have been dictated by any thing accidental or external to the work itself.

There are some points that naturally suggest a comparison between The Tempest and A Midsummer-Night's Dream. In both the Poet has with equal or nearly equal success carried nature, as it were, beyond her established limits, and peopled a purely ideal region with the power and life of reality, so that the characters seem like substantive personal beings, which he has but described

not created; but beyond this the resemblance ceases: indeed no two of his plays are more widely different in all other respects.

The Tempest presents a combination of elements apparently so incongruous that we cannot but marvel how they were brought and kept together; yet they blend so sweetly and work together so naturally that we at once feel at home with them, and see nothing to hinder their union in the world of which we are a part. For it seems hardly more than a truism to say, that in the mingling of the natural and the supernatural there is here no gap, no break: nothing disjointed or abrupt; the two being drawn into each other so smoothly, and so knit together by mutual participations, that each seems but a continuation of the other, and the place where they meet and join is marked by no distinguishable line.

Prospero, standing in the centre of the whole, acts as a kind of subordinate Providence, reconciling the diverse elements to himself, and in himself to one another. Though armed with supernatural might, so that the winds and waves obey him, his magical and mysterious powers are tied to truth and right; his "high charms work" only to just and beneficent ends; and whatsoever might be repulsive in the magician is softened and made attractive by the virtues of the man and the feelings of the father: Ariel links him with the world above us, Caliban with the world beneath us, and Miranda "(thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!)" with the world around and within us. And the mind acquiesces in the miracles attributed to him, his thoughts and aims being so at one with nature's preëstablished harmonies as to leave it doubtful whether he controls her movements or falls in with them. His sorcery indeed is the sorcery of knowledge, his magic the magic of virtue; for what so marvellous as the inward, vital necromancy of good, which transmutes the wrongs that are done him into motives of beneficence, and is so far from being hurt by the powers of Evil that it turns their assaults into new sources of strength against them! And with what a smooth tranquillity of spirit he every where speaks and acts! as if the rough discipline of adversity had but served

> "to elevate the will,
> And lead him on to that transcendent rest
> Where every passion doth the sway attest
> Of reason, seated on her sovereign hill."

It is observable that the powers, which cleave to his thoughts and obey his "so potent art," before his coming were at perpetual war, the better being in subjection to the worse, and all turned from their several ends into a mad, brawling dissonance: but he teaches them to know their places, and, "weak masters though they be," under his ordering they become powerful, and work

together as if endowed with a rational soul; their insane gabble being turned to speech, their savage howling to music, so that

> "the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

Wherein is boldly figured the educating of nature up, so to speak, into intelligent ministries, she lending man hands because he lends her eyes; weaving her forces, as it were, into vital union with him, to the end that she may rise above herself and attain to a more excellent form.

This, to be sure, is making the work rather an allegory than a drama, and therein of course misrepresents its quality; for the connecting links in this strange intercourse of the natural and the supernatural are "beings individually determined," and affect us as persons, not as propositions.

Ariel and Caliban are equally preternatural, though in opposite directions. Ariel's very being is spun out of melody and fragrance; at least, if a feeling soul and an intelligent will be the warp, these are the woof of his exquisite texture. He has just enough of human-heartedness to know how he would feel were he human, and a proportionable sense of gratitude, which has been aptly called "the memory of the heart:" hence he needs to be often reminded of his obligations, but does all his spiriting gently while he holds the remembrance of them. Yet his delicacy of nature is nowhere more apparent than in his sympathy with right and good: the instant he comes within their touch he follows them without reserve; and he will suffer any tortures rather than "act the earthy and abhorred commands" that go against his moral grain. And what a merry little personage he is withal! as if his being were cast together in an impulse of play, and he would spend his whole life in one perpetual frolic. But the main ingredients of his zephyr-like constitution are shown in his leading inclinations; for he must needs have most affinity for that of which he is framed. Moral ties are irksome to him; they are not his proper element: when he enters their sphere he feels them to be holy indeed; but, were he free, he would keep out of their reach, and follow the circling seasons in their course, and always dwell merrily in the fringes of summer. He is indeed an arrant little epicure of perfume and sweet sounds, and gives forth several songs which "seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible;" and which, "without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals." *

Of Ariel's powers and functions as Prospero's prime minister

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* Hazlitt.

no logical forms, nothing but art, and perhaps no art but the poet's, can give any sort of an idea. Gifted with the ubiquity and multiformity of the substance from which he is named, before we can catch and define him in any one shape he has passed into another. All we can say of him on this score is, that through his agency Prospero's thoughts forthwith become things, his volitions events. And yet, strangely and diversely as his nature is elemented and compacted, with touches akin to several orders of being, there is such a self-consistency about him, he is so cut out in individual distinctness and rounded in with personal attributes, that contemplation freely and easily rests upon him as an *object*.

If Caliban strike us as a more wonderful creation than Ariel, it is probably because he has more in common with us without being in any proper sense human. Perhaps we cannot hit him better than by saying he represents, both in soul and body, a sort of intermediate nature between man and brute, with an infusion of something that belongs to neither: as though one of the transformations, imagined by the author of "Vestiges of Creation," had stuck midway in its course, where a breath or vapour of essential Evil had knit itself vitally into his texture. If he have all the attributes of humanity from the moral downwards, so that his nature touches and borders upon the sphere of moral life; still the result but approves his exclusion from such life, in that it brings him to recognize moral law only as making for self. It is a most singular and significant stroke in the representation, that sleep seems to loosen the fetters of his soul and lift him above himself; then indeed, and then only, the "muddy vesture of decay" doth not so "grossly close him in" but that

> "The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me;"

as though in his passive state the voice of truth and good vibrated down *to* his soul, and stopped there, being unable to kindle any answering tones within; so that in his waking hours they are to him but as the memory of a dream.

Thus Caliban is part man, part demon, part brute, each being drawn somewhat out of itself by combination with the others, and the union of all preventing his being either; for which cause language has no generic term that fits him. Yet this strange, uncouth, but life-like confusion of natures Prospero has educated into a sort of poet. This, however, has nowise tamed, it has rather increased his innate malignity and crookedness of disposition; education having of course but *educed* what was in him. Even his poetry is for the most part made up of the fascinations of ugliness; a sort of inverted beauty; the poetry of dissonance and deformity; the proper music of his nature being to curse, its proper laughter to snarl. Schlegel finely compares his mind to a dark cave into

which the light of knowledge falling neither illuminates nor warms it, but only serves to put in motion the poisonous vapours gen erated there.

Of course it is only by exhausting the resources of instruction on such a being that his innate and essential deficiency can be fully shown. For had he the germs of a human soul, they must needs have been drawn forth by the process that has made him a poet. The magical presence of spirits, it is true, hath cast into the caverns of his brain a faint reflection of a better world, but without calling up any answering emotions or aspirations; he having indeed no susceptibilities to catch and take in the epiphanies that throng his whereabout. So that, paradoxical as it may seem, he exemplifies the twofold triumph of art over nature, and of nature over art.

But what is most remarkable of all is the perfect originality of his thoughts and manners. Though framed of grossness and malignity, there is nothing vulgar or common-place about him. His whole character indeed is developed from within, not impressed from without; the effect of Prospero's instructions having been to make him all the more himself; and there being perhaps no soil in his nature for conventional vices and knaveries to take root and grow in. Hence the almost classic dignity of his behaviour compared with that of the drunken sailors, who are little else than a sort of low, vulgar conventionalities organized, and as such not less true to the life than consistent with themselves. In his simplicity indeed he at first mistakes them for gods who "bear celestial liquor," and they wax merry enough at the "credulous monster;" but in his vigour of thought and purpose he soon conceives such a scorn at their childish interest in whatever trinkets and gewgaws meet their eye, as fairly drives off his fit of intoxication; and the savage of the woods, half-human though he be, seems nobility itself beside the savages of the city.

In short, if Caliban be, as it were, the organized sediment and dregs of the place, from which all the finer spirit has been drawn off to fashion the delicate Ariel, yet having some parts of a human mind strangely interwoven with his structure; every thing about him, all that he does and says, is suitable and correspondent to such a constitution of nature: so that all the elements and attributes of his being stand and work together in living coherence, thus rendering him no less substantive and personal to our apprehension than original and peculiar in himself.

Such are the objects and influences amidst which the clear, placid nature of Miranda has been developed. Of the world whence her father was driven, its crimes and follies and sufferings, she knows nothing, he having studiously kept all such notices from her, to the end, apparently, that nothing might thwart or hinder the plastic efficacies that surround her. And here all the simple and original elements of her being, love, light, grace

honour, and innocence, all pure feelings and tender sympathies whatsoever is sweet and gentle and holy in womanhood. seem to have sprung up in her nature as from celestial seed: "the contagion of the world's slow stain" hath not visited her; the chills and cankers of artificial wisdom have not touched nor come near her: if there were any fog or breath of evil in the place that might else dim or spot her soul, it has been sponged up by Caliban as being more congenial with his nature; while he is simply "a villain she does not love to look on." Nor is this all. The aerial music, beneath which her nature has expanded with answering sweetness, seems to rest visibly upon her, linking her, as it were, with some superior order of beings: the spirit and genius of the place, its magic and mystery, have breathed their power into her face; and out of them she has unconsciously woven herself a robe of supernatural grace, in which even her mortal nature seems half hidden, so that we hardly know whether she belongs more to heaven or to earth. Thus both her native virtues and the efficacies of the place seem to have crept and stolen into her unperceived, by mutual attraction and assimilation twining together in one growth, and each diffusing its life and beauty all over and through the other. It would seem as if the great poet of our age must have had Miranda in his eye, (or was he but working in the spirit of that nature which she so rarely exemplifies?) when he wrote the lines:

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

Yet for all this Miranda not a whit the less touches us as a creature of flesh and blood, "a being breathing thoughtful breath." Nay, she seems all the more so, forasmuch as the character thus coheres with the circumstances, the virtues and poetries of the place being expressed in her visibly; and she would be far less real to our feelings, were not the wonders of her whereabout thus vitally incorporated with her innate and original attributes. This matter has been put so well by Mrs. Jameson that it would be wronging the subject not to quote her words: "If we can

presuppose such a situation, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary result? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who, never having beheld any thing resembling her, approach her as 'a wonder,' as something celestial."

It is observable that Miranda does not perceive the working of her father's art upon herself; as, when he puts her to sleep, she attributes it to the strangeness of his tale. And, on the other hand, he thinks she is not listening attentively to what he is saying, partly, perhaps, because he is not attending to it himself, his thoughts being about the approaching crisis in his fortunes while his speech is of the past, and partly because in her ecstasy of wonder at what he is relating she seems abstracted and self-withdrawn from the matter of his discourse. For indeed to her the supernatural stands in the place of nature, and nothing is so strange and wonderful as what actually passes in the life and heart of man: miracles have been her daily food, her father being the greatest miracle of all; which must needs make the common events and passions and perturbations of the world seem to her miraculous. All which the Poet has wrought out with so much art, and so little appearance of it, that Franz Horn is the only critic, so far as we know, that seems to have thought of it.

We may not dismiss Miranda without remarking upon the sweet union of womanly dignity and childlike simplicity in her character, she not knowing or not caring to disguise the innocent movements of her heart. This, too, is a natural result of her situation. Equally fine is the circumstance, that her father opens to her the story of her life, and lets her into the secret of her noble birth and ancestry, at a time when she is suffering with those that she saw suffer, and when her eyes are jewelled with pity, as if on purpose that the ideas of rank and dignity may sweetly blend and coalesce in her mind with the sympathies of the woman.

The strength and delicacy of imagination displayed in these characters are scarce more admirable than the truth and subtlety of observation shown in the others.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science, the leading points of which are thus set forth by Coleridge: "In the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also of rendering the transition to wickedness easy by making the good

ridiculous. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instances of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonzo and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated and concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place,—something not habitually matter of reverence."

Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime, that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands; whereas if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of nature that we cannot distinguish them: or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds.

And the same deep skill is shown in case of the good old man, Gonzalo, whose sense of his own pains and perils seems lost in his care to minister comfort and diversion to others. Thus his virtue spontaneously opens the springs of wit and humour within him amid the terrors of the storm and shipwreck; and he is merry while others are suffering, even from sympathy with them: and afterwards his thoughtful spirit plays with Utopian fancies; and if "the latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning," it is all the same to him, his purpose being only to beguile the anguish of supposed bereavement. It hath been well said, that "Gonzalo is so occupied with duty, in which alone he finds pleasure, that he scarce notices the gnat-stings of wit with which his opponents pursue him; or, if he observes, firmly and easily repels them."

In Ferdinand is portrayed one of those happy natures, such as we sometimes meet with, who are built up all the more strongly in virtue and honour by contact with the vices and meannesses of the world. The meeting of him and Miranda is replete with

magic indeed; a magic higher and more potent even than Prospero's: all the riches that nestle in their bosoms at once leaping forth and running together into a stream of poetry which no words of ours can describe. So much of beauty in so few words, and those few so plain and homely, — "O, wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!" Here, again, Prospero does but furnish occasions: his art has the effect of unsealing the choice founts of nature, but the waters gush from depths which even he cannot reach; so that his mighty magic bows before a still more wondrous potency. After seeing himself thus outdone by the nature he has been wont to control, and having witnessed such a "fair encounter of two most rare affections," no wonder that he longs to be a man again, like other men, and, with a heart "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," gladly returns to

> "The homely sympathy that heeds
> The common life; our nature breeds;
> A wisdom fitted to the needs
> Of hearts at leisure."

Some appear to have thought the presence of Trinculo and Stephano a blemish in the play. We cannot think so. Their follies give a zest and relish to the high poetries amidst which they grow. Such things go to make up the mysterious whole of human life; and they often help on our pleasure while seeming to hinder it: we may think they had better be away; yet, were they away, we should feel that something were wanting. Besides, if this part of the work do not directly yield a grateful fragrance, it is vitally related to the parts that do.

Such are the strangely-assorted characters that make up this charming play. And yet how they all concur in unity of effect! This harmonious working together of diverse and opposite elements, — this smooth concurrence of heterogeneous materials in one varied yet coherent impression, — by what subtle process this is brought about, must be left to keener and deeper wits. But how variously soever men may account for this, no one, surely, who has a proper sense of art, or of nature as addressed to the imaginative faculty, can well question, that all the parts are so vitally interwoven, that if any one be cut away the whole drama will be in danger of bleeding to death.

We cannot leave the subject without remarking what an atmosphere of wonder and mystery overhangs and pervades this singular structure, and how the whole seems steeped in glories invisible to the natural eye, yet made visible by the Poet's art; thus leading the thoughts insensibly upwards to other worlds and other forms of being. It were difficult indeed to name any thing else of human workmanship so thoroughly transfigured with

"the gleam.
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream:"

the celestial and the earthly being so commingled, — commingled, but not confounded, — that we see not where the one begins and the other ends; so that in reading it we seem transported to a region where we are strangers, yet old acquaintances; where all things are at once new and familiar: the unearthly visions of the spot hardly touching us with surprise; because, though wonderful indeed, there is nothing about them but that somewhat within us owns and assimilates with more readily than is compatible with such an impression. That our thoughts and feelings are thus at home with such things and take pleasure in them, — is not this because of some innate aptitudes and affinities of our nature for a supernatural and celestial life?

"Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole?"

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONZO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a Ship at Sea.[1]

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Mast. BOATSWAIN!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[2] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle. — Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[3]

[1] Upon this scene Coleridge finely remarks: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note to the whole harmony It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted; — therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural — (the distinction to which I have so often alluded) — and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow." H.

[2] That is, readily, nimbly.

[3] That is, act with spirit, behave like men. Thus Baret in his

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast:[4] yare; lower,

Alvearie: "*To play the man,* or to show himself a valiant man in any matter."

[4] Of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says: "The striking the topmast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says: 'If you have sea-room it is never good to strike the top-mast.' Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast, — where he had not sea-room." H

lower: Bring her to: try with main-course.[5] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office. —

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for[6] drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched[7] wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses;[8] off to sea again; lay her off.

[5] This is a sea phrase. "As the gale increases the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail, under which the ship is laid to." Smith, in his Sea Grammar, 1627, explains it: "To hale the tacke aboord, the sheate close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord." H.

[6] *For* is here archaic, and used in the sense of *from;* so that Theobald's substitution of the latter word is needless. Of course Gonzalo has in mind the old proverb, — "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." H.

[7] In Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover, Chilas says to the frightened priestess:

"Be quiet, and be *staunch* too; no *inundations.*"

[8] Stevens printed this, *set her two courses off,* which Captain Glascock objects to, and says: "The ship's head is to be put leeward, and the vessel to be drawn off the land under that canvass nautically denominated the two courses." The punctuation we have given is Lord Mulgrave's. Holt says: "The courses meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, so called because they contribute most to give her way through the water, and thus enable her to feel the helm, and steer her *course* better than when they are not *set* or spread to the wind." *To lay a ship a-hold,* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. H

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What! must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[9] cheated of our lives by drunkards. —
This wide-chapp'd rascal! —'would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides.

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut[10] him.
[*A confused noise within. — Mercy on us! We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split!*[11]]

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.[12] [*Exit.*

[9] *Merely*, absolutely, entirely; *Meré*, Lat.

[10] To *englut*, to *swallow* him.

[11] This passage is usually printed as a part of Gonzalo's speech; which is clearly wrong. Dr. Johnson suggested that the words here enclosed in brackets should be given as a part, or rather as the particulars of the *confused noise within*. Which is so obviously right that we should hardly hesitate to adopt it, even if we had not the great authority of Dyce and Halliwell for doing so. H.

[12] In Boswell's edition is a paper from Lord Mulgrave, showing that the Poet must either have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, or else have had a remarkable power of applying the information gained from others. And he thinks Shakespeare must have conversed with some of the best seamen of the time, as "no books had then

SCENE II.

The Island: before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er[1]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

been published on the subject." He then exhibits the ship in five positions, and shows how truly these are represented by the words of the dialogue, and says: "The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described: the expedients adopted are the best that could have been devised for a chance of safety: the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail." Captain Glascock says: "The Boatswain in The Tempest delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the forecastle." H.

[1] i. e. *Before, sooner than;* as in Ecclesiastes, "*or ever* the silver cord be loosed;" and again in Daniel, "*or ever* they came to the bottom of the den" H.

Of whence I am; nor that I am more better[2]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle[3] with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art.[4] — Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, "Stay, not yet." —

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out[5] three years old.

[2] The double comparative is in frequent use among our elder writers.

[3] To *meddle*, is to *mix*, or *mingle* with.

[4] Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer." — *Fuller's Holy State.*

[5] *Out* is used for *entirely, quite.* Thus in Act iv.: "And be a boy righ *out.*"

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm[6] of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said — thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.[7]

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl.

[6] *Abysm* was the old mode of spelling *abyss;* from its French original *abisme.*

[7] This line is usually printed thus:

"A princess; — no worse issued:" —

which might indeed be admitted, but that there is no authority for it in the original; nor any need of the change, the sense being clear enough without it. H

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[8] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio —
I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash[9] for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them
Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,

[8] *Teen* is grief, sorrow.

[9] *To trash* means to check the pace or progress of any one The term is said to be still in use among sportsmen in the North, and signifies to correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game; or *overtopping* or outrunning the rest of the pack. *Trashes* are clogs strapped round the neck of a dog to prevent his overspeed. Todd has given four instances from Hammond's works of the word in this sense: "Clog and *trash*" — "encumber and *trash*" — "to *trash* or overslow" — and "foreslowed and *trashed*"

And suck'd my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir! I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate,[10] in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent,[11] did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, — like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,[12]
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, — he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: — Hence his ambition
Growing, — Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be

[10] The sense is here rendered somewhat obscure by the brevity of expression. The meaning seems to be: "Which would have exceeded all popular estimate, but that it withdrew me from my public duties;" as if he were sensible of his error in getting so "rapt in secret studies" as to leave the State a prey to violence and usurpation. H.

[11] Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has generally a son below it.

[12] *It* here refers to *lie* in the second line below. So that the meaning is: "Who, having made his memory such a sinner to truth by lying, that he came to believe his own lie." In like manner Tacitus says of certain men, *fingebant simul credebantque* H.

Absolute Milan: Me, poor man! — my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu[13] o' the premises, —
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remember'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,[14]
That wrings mine eyes to't.

[13] In *lieu* of the premises; that is, "in *consideration* of the premises," &c.

[14] *Hint* is here used for *cause* or *subject*. Thus in a future passage we have: "Our *hint* of woe."

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit[15] it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[16] the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,[17] to bear up
Against what should ensue.

[15] *Quit* was commonly used for *quitted*.

[16] There is a good deal of doubt as to what sense this word is here used in, — whether it be *to adorn*, or *to cover*; of which the former seems inappropriate, and the other altogether forced. Some good editors think it should be *degg'd*; a word still used in the north of England for *to sprinkle*. This sense is so much better than either of the others, that we cannot help thinking it the right one. H.

[17] *Stomach* is here used in its old sense of *courage*. H

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way.—I know thou canst not choose.—

[MIRANDA *sleeps*

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds:[18] to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.[19]

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[20] the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist,[21] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

[18] This is imitated in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess:

> "tell me, sweetest,
> What new service now is meetest
> For the satyre; shall I stray
> In the middle air, and stay
> The sailing racke, or nimbly take
> Hold by the moon, and gently make
> Suit to the pale queen of night,
> For a beame to give thee light?
> Shall I dive into the sea,
> And bring thee coral, making way
> Through the rising waves," &c.

[19] Ariel's *quality* is not his confederates, but the *powers of his nature* as a spirit.

[20] i. e. to the minutest article; from the French *à point*.

[21] *Beak*, the prow of the ship: *waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and forecastle.

And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[22]
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,[23] and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

[22] *Coil* is *bustle, tumult.*

[23] That is, such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,[24] there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[25]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou must give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I prithee

[24] The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which renders access to them so difficult. It was then the current opinion that the Bermudas were inhabited by *monsters* and *devils*.

[25] i. e. wave, or the sea. *Flot.* Fr.

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.[26]

Pro. O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,

[26] The old English name of *Algiers*.

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[27] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

[27] *Behests, commands.*

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?
Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go; hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
Awake!
Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss[28] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say: there's other business for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?[29]

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint[30] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

[28] i. e. we cannot *do without* him. The phrase is still common in the midland counties.
[29] This is a common expression of impatience.
[30] *Quaint* here means *brisk*, from the French *cointe*.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[31]
Shall, for that vast[32] of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile:

[31] *Urchins* were fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins;* and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal. In the phrase still current, "a little urchin," the idea of the fairy still remains.

[32] So in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2, "in the dead *vast* and middle of the night;" meaning the silent void or vacancy of night, when spirits were anciently supposed to walk abroad on errands of love, or sport, or mischief. H.

Cursed be I that did so! — All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! — 'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid [33] you,
For learning me your language!

[33] Destroy.

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches;[34] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee! —
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power.
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[35]
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!

[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S *Song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

[34] *Aches* was formerly a word of two syllables, and is required by the measure to be so here. Of this there are many examples in the old writers. Some of our readers may have heard of the clamour that was raised against Kemble for pronouncing the word thus on the stage; wherein some may still think he followed an old custom at the expense of good judgment. H.

[35] *Setebos* was the name of an American god, or rather devil, worshipped by the Patagonians. In Eden's "History of Travaile," printed in 1577, is an account of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole, containing a description of this god and his worshippers; wherein the author says. "When they felt the shackles fast about their legs, they began to doubt; but the captain did put them in comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cryed upon their *great devil Setebos*, to help them." Sycorax, as we have seen, was from Algiers, where she doubtless learned to worship this god. So that here the Poet has but transferred into the neighbourhood of his scene the matter of some of the then recent discoveries in America. H.

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,[36]
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Burden. [*Dispersedly.*] *Bowgh, wowgh.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Burden. [*Dispersedly.*] *Bowgh, wowgh.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his kneil:
Burden. *Ding-dong.*
Hark now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—

[36] i. e. "court'sied and kiss'd the wild waves" into silence;—a delicate touch of poetry that is quite lost, as the passage is usually printed; the line, *The wild waves whist*, being made

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes :[37]—I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Mira. What is't ? a spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form : — But 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench : it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it : — Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend ! — Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island ;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here : My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid,[38] or no ?

parenthetical, and that too without any authority from the original Such are the improvements sometimes foisted in by those who prefer grammar to poetry, and cannot read a song without thinking of Syntax. H.

[37] i. e. *owns*. To *owe* was to *possess* or *own*, in ancient language.

[38] Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing,[39] as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control[40] thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. — [*Aside.*] At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: — Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! — [*To* FERD.] A word, good sir:
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:[41] a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

he now asks, if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question. H.

[39] i. e. a *weak*, *feeble* thing. The Poet elsewhere uses *single* in this sense; as in Macbeth: "Shakes so my *single* state of man." H.

[40] To *control* here signifies to *confute*, to contradict unanswerably. The ancient meaning of *control* was to *check* or exhibit *a contrary account*, from the old French *contre-roller*.

[41] i. e. done wrong to your character, in claiming to be king of Naples

Fer. O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir: one word more. —
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. — [*To* FERD.] One word more: I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To* FERD.] Follow me. —
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. — Come
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No:
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What! I say:
My foot my tutor! — Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who, mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[42]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. [*To* FERD.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. [*Aside.*] It works. — [*To* FERD. *and* MIRA.
Come on. —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me. —
[*To* ARIEL.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort:

[42] i. e. posture of defence.

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe[1]
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,[2] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor[3] will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.

[1] i. e. cause of sorrow.

[2] It was usual to call a *merchant-vessel* a *merchant*, as we now say a *merchant-man.*

[3] He calls Gonzalo the *visitor*, in allusion to the office of one who visits the sick to give advice and consolation.

Gon. Sir, ——

Seb. One: —— Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Ant. Ha, ha, ha!

Seb. So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet —

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[4]

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

[4] By *temperance* Adrian means temperature, and Antonio plays upon the word; doubtless an allusion to the Puritan custom of bestowing the names of the cardinal virtues upon their children

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush[5] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye[6] of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. —that our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

[5] i. e. juicy, succulent.

[6] A *tint* or *tinge* of green. So in Sandy's Travels: "Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green;" and Bayle says: "Red with an *eye* of blue makes a purple."

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[7]

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

[7] Alluding to

> "The Gift to king Amphion
> That walled a city with its melody."

A lute was given to Amphion by Mercury, and with it he marshalled the stones of Thebes into their places. H.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no; he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.[8]

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself

[8] The meaning of this line will be clear enough, if *who* be understood as referring to *eye*. *Who* and *which* were often used indiscriminately. H.

Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.[9] We have lost
your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

[9] i. e. she was in doubt towards which scale of the balance she should incline. H.

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[10]
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,[11] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.[12]

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did

[10] An *engine* was a term applied to any kind of *machine* in Shakespeare's age.

[11] *Foison* is only another word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, but chiefly of the fruits of the earth.

[12] In Montaigne's Essay "Of the Cannibals," translated by Florio in 1603, is the following: "Me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to feign a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy — It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them." From which it is plain enough, that Montaigne and Gonzalo must have been together, and "fed on one thought" H.

it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

Alon. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy

[ALONZO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy Sebastian! [13] — O, what might! — No more: —
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: The occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What! art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.[14]
Seb. Well; I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

[13] Understand *be* after Sebastian. H
[14] i. e. makes thee three times what thou art now. W

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs thee.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O! out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny,[15] to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.[16]

Seb. What stuff is this! — How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?" — Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake! — Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough[17] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

[15] i. e. by their being cast ashore again. H.

[16] This passage has given commentators a fine opportunity of showing their superiority to the Poet in the knowledge of geography. But, besides that in Shakespeare's time a voyage from Milan to Tunis was not so easy as it has been since, could they not see that he purposely makes Antonio exaggerate the distance, to persuade Sebastian into his plans? So that in showing their knowledge of what the Poet did not aim at, they but showed their ignorance of his proper business. As usual. H.

[17] A *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience —
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion,[18] as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O! but one word.
[*They converse apart.*

[18] *Suggestion* is frequently used in the sense of *temptation*, or *seduction*, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies,) to keep thee living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir and cried; as mine eyes open'd.

[19] *Them* evidently refers to Gonzalo and the king, not to "projects," as the Chiswick edition has it, thus corrupting the text Of course but one of the persons referred to was meant in, *you, his friend.*

I saw their weapons drawn: — There was a noise,
That's verity: 'tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. [*Aside.*] Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[1] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks[2] at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness: — Lo, now! lo!

[1] To *moe* is to *make mouths*. "To make a *moe* like an ape. Distorquere os." — *Baret.* Sometimes spelt *mow*; as in Nash's 'Pierce Penniless:" "Nobody at home but an ape that sat in the porch, and made *mops* and *mows* at him." H.

[2] *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles*.

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard [3] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; [4] any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; [5] there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

[3] A *bumbard* is a black jack of leather, to hold beer, &c.

[4] i. e. *make a man's fortune.* Thus in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "We are all *made men;*" and in the old comedy of Ram Alley: "She's a wench was born to *make us all.*"

[5] A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips

I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore:—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, "Go, hang:"
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit:[6] If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him:[7] he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be— but he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[8]

[6] No impertinent hint to those who indulge in the constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect.

[7] A piece of vulgar irony, meaning, I'll take as much as I can get.

[8] Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language: "They belch forth proverbs in their drink," "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*," and "He who eats with the devil had need

Trin. Stephano! — If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo: — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege [9] of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. — But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's [10] gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scap'd?

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

of a *long spoon*." The last is again used in The Comedy of Errors, Act iv. sc. 2.

[9] *Siege* for *stool*, and in the dirtiest sense of the word.

[10] The best account of the *moon-calf* may be found in Drayton's poem with that title.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?[11]

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

[11] The Indians of the Island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven.*

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells [12] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

[12] The original has *scamels* in this place, — a word that has not been found any where else; though Holt, writing in 1749, says limpets are called *scams* in some parts of England, and Mr. Halliwell says he has the authority of Mr. Crofton Croker for asserting, that the term is still used in that sense in Ireland. Theobald altered *scamels* into *sea-mells;* wherein he has been followed by some of the best editions, the Chiswick among others. The sea-mell, or sea-mall, is a species of gull, which builds its nest in the rock, and which, when young, was accounted a good dish at the best tables. Dyce, than whom we have no better authority in such matters, thinks *staniel*, now spelt *stannyel*, to be the right word. Stannyel is a species of mountain hawk, and the word is so used in Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 5. G

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher,[13] nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban,
Has a new master — Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and[1] their labour
Delight in them sets off:[2] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead.
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress

[13] The original has *trenchering* here. This was corrected by Dryden and Theobald, yet several later editions hold on to it. Mr. Dyce says: "That *trenchering* is an error of the printer (or transcriber), occasioned by the preceding words fir*ing* and requir*ing*, is beyond a doubt." — Caliban's words, *get a new man*, are to be understood as referring to Prospero. H.

[1] *And* in the sense of *and yet*.

[2] *Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.* — *Hor.* Sat. ii. l. 2 So, in Macbeth: "The labour we delight in physics pain."

Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour,
Most busiest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O, most dear mistress!
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily..

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda: — O my father!
I have broke your hest[3] to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,[4]
And put it to the foil: But you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.[5]

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer

[3] Behest.
[4] Owned.
[5] In the first book of Sidney's Arcadia, a lover says of his mistress: "She is herself of *best things the collection.*" In the third book there is a fable which may have been in Shakespeare's mind.

The flesh-fly blow my mouth. — Hear my soul speak: —
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else [6] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow [7]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

[6] *What* else, for *whatsoever* else.
[7] i. e. your companion.

Fer Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand, thousand! [8]
[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Another part of the Island.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me: — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.[1]

[8] i. e. a thousand, thousand times farewell
[1] i. e. ensign.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou debosh'd[2] fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree— The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel, and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

[2] *Deboshed* is the old orthography of *debauched;* following the sound of the French original. In altering the spelling we have departed from the proper pronunciation of the word

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. — [*To* CAL.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, — for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not, —

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. — thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this![3] Thou scurvy patch! —
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[4] are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock fish of thee.

[3] He calls him a *pied ninny*, alluding to Trinculo's motley dress: he was a licensed fool or jester.

[4] *Quick freshes* are *living springs*.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough. after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I'the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand[5] with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,[6] as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

[5] i. e. throat or windpipe.

[6] *Sot* here means *fool*; from the French.

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys: — Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure. Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.[7]

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee: — Mercy upon us!

[7] *The picture of Nobody* was a common sign, and consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a wood-cut prefixed to an old play of Nobody and Somebody, which represented this personage. H.

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
Where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. — I would I could see this taborer:[8] he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,

[8] "You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, by evill spirites that makes these soundes, and also do call diverse of the travellers by their names." *Travels of Marcus Paulus, by John Frampton*, 4to. 1579. To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes:

"calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

[1] *By'r lakin* is a contraction of *By our ladykin*, the diminutive of *our lady*.

Through forth-rights, and meanders![2] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to* SEB.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night:
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

[2] *Forth-rights* means straight lines; *meanders*, crooked ones.

Seb. A living drollery:[3] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne;[4] one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes,[5] these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,[6]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.[7]

[3] Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls* exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. "A living drollery" is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

[4] "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree, namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree (called in Greek φοινιξ); for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung againe." — *Holland's Translation of Pliny*, B. xiii. C. 4.

[5] Certainly.

[6] Wonder.

[7] "*Praise in departing*," is a proverbial phrase signifying, Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. —
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. — When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one[8] will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

[8] A sort of inverted life-insurance was practised by travellers in Shakespeare's time. Before going abroad they *put out* a sum of money, for which they were to receive two, three, four, or even five times the amount upon their return; the rate being according to the supposed danger of the expedition. Of course the sum put out fell to the depositary, in case the *putter-out* did not return. Davies has an epigram of some point on this practice:

> "Lycus, which lately is to Venice gone,
> Shall, if he do return, gain three for one;
> But, ten to one, his knowledge and his wit
> Will not be better'd or increas'd a whit."

The men, "whose heads stood in their breasts," were probably the same that Othello speaks of:

> "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Knight suggests that the report of "mountaineers dew-lapp'd like bulls" may have sprung from some remarkable cases of *goître*, seen by travellers, but not understood H.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, by a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the Elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle [9] that's in my plume: my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the creatures
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else fall

[9] Bailey, in his Dictionary, says that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the single particles of the down.

Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,[10]
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.
[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

[10] With *good life*, i. e. with full bent and energy of mind Mr. Henley says that the expression is still in use in the west of England.

Seb. But one fiend at a time
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,[11]
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[12]
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou

[11] The natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect as subtle in their preparation.

[12] Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any temporary alienation of mind, a fit, or madness; as in Hamlet:

"That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth.
Blasted with *ecstasy*;"

and again:

"This bodiless creation *ecstasy*
Is very cunning in." H.

Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot [1] before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion [2] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion [3]
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;

[1] The same expression occurs in Pericles. Mr. Henley says that it is a manifest allusion to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chastity before marriage.

[2] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*: at present it is used in its figurative sense of throwing out hints of calumny and detraction.

[3] *Suggestion* here means *temptation* or wicked prompting.

Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own. —
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity[4] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "go,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "so, so;"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well; I conceive. [*Exit*

Pro. Look, thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir.
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.[5]

Pro. Well. —

[4] i. e. show or exhibition.

[5] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of the passions; hence often put for the passions themselves. H.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[6]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly. —
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. *Enter* IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[7] them to keep:
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,[8]
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

[6] i. e. bring more than enough; *corollary* meaning a surplus number. H.

[7] *Stover* is fodder for cattle, as hay, straw, and such like; still used thus in the north of England. H.

[8] The original has "*pioned* and *twilled* brims;" which reading some late editors have retained, taking *pioned* to mean *dug*, a sense in which it is used by Spenser, and *twilled* to mean *ridged*, or made into ridges, a sense which it yet bears in reference to some kinds of linen. Knight says: "Any one who has seen the operation of banking and ditching in early spring, so essential to the proper drainage of land, must recognize the propriety of Shakespeare's epithets." Still this strikes us as so discordant a note, it so untunes the harmony of the passage, that we cannot but think the original reading a misprint for the one proposed by Steevens and Warton. Milton, whose poetical language is so much formed upon Shakespeare's as often to afford the best comment upon him, has in his Arcades the line:

"By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;"

which, as Warton says, is "an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled* in a verse of The Tempest;" and he adds, "*lilied* seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." Henley urges in behalf of the old reading, that pionies and lilies never bloom in April; which is refuted by a passage in Lord Bacon's Essay "Of Gardens:" "In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilly-flower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and *lilies of all natures;* rose-mary flowers, the tulip, the double *piony*, the pale daffodil," &c. But the mair

Being lass-lorn ; [9] thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air ; — the queen o' the sky
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place.
To come and sport : Her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who, with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ; [10]
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky [11] acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; — why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

objection to the old reading lies in the words, "to make cold nymphs chaste crowns," which apparently refer to the popular belief touching the flowers in question. Lyte, in his Herbal, says, "One kind of *peonie* is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin* peonie." And Pliny mentions the water-lily as a preserver of chastity ; and Edward Fenton, in his Secret Wonders of Nature, 1569, says, "The water-lily mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensuality, and defends from unchaste thoughts." H.

[9] i. e. forsaken by his lass. *Pole-clipt vineyard* refers to vines that *clip, clasp* the poles that support them. H.

[10] Mr. Douce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phaer's Virgil, Æneid, Lib. iv.

"Dame Rainbow down therefore with safron wings of dropping snowres,
Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devoures,
From heaven descending came."

[11] *Bosky acres* are woody acres, fields intersected by luxuriant hedge-rows and copses.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got.
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be.
And honour'd in their issue.

Song.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring branches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;

Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: [12] May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd [13] father, and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp [14] channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;

[12] i. e. charmingly harmonious.

[13] i. e. a father able to produce such wonders.

[14] *Crisp channels;* i. e. curled, from the curl raised by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 K. Hen. IV. Act i. sc. 3:

"hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [*To the Spirits.*] Well done: — avoid; — no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended: These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,[15]
Leave not a rack behind.[16] We are such stuff

[15] i. e. *vanished*, from the Latin *vado*. The ancient English *pageants* were shows, on the reception of princes or other festive occasions; they were exhibited on stages in the open air.

[16] *Rack*, according to Horne Tooke, is vapour, from *reek*. It here means, apparently, the highest and therefore lightest clouds. Lord Bacon says: "The winds which wave the clouds above which we call the *rack*, are not perceived below, pass without noise."

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[17] — Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought: — I thank thee: —
Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.[18]

[17] In the tragedy of Darius, by Lord Sterline, printed in 1603, is a passage that has something of the same train of thought with Shakespeare:

"And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light
Then what avails the adoring of a name?
A mere illusion made to mock the sight,
Whose best was but the shadow of a dream.
Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt, —
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruis'd, soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant, —
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,
Evanish all, like vapours in the air."

It is evident that one poet wrote somewhat from the other, and Shakespeare was doubtless the borrower; it being far more credible that he should thus glorify what he took, than that any one could thus deflower in taking. Besides, The Tempest was written *after* 1603. H.

[18] *To meet with* was anciently the same as to *counteract*, or *oppose*. So in Herbert's "Country Parson:" "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues." H.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music:[19] so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale[20] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,

[19] This, we are told, is an accurate description of the effect music has upon colts. "On first hearing even a trumpet, instead of being terrified, they will often advance, and thrust their nose up to the very mouth" (bell?) "of the instrument, while it is blown, provided this be done with *some* consideration." H.

[20] *Stale*, in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds

So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.[21]

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be over ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here? This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter

[21] To play the *Jack*, was to play the *Knave;* or it may have been, to play the *Jack o' lantern*, by leading them astray. H

Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer![22] O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery:[23]—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,[24]
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: "Steal by line and level," is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[25] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

[22] This is a humourous allusion to the old ballad "King Stephen was a worthy peer," of which Iago sings a verse in Othello.

[23] A shop for the sale of old clothes.—*Fripperie*, Fr.

[24] The old copy reads, "Let's alone."

[25] i. e. bird-lime.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time
And all be turn'd to barnacles,[26] or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: Go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark! [CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard[27] or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

[26] The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish, *lepas anatifera*, which ancient credulity believed to produce the barnacle-goose. Bishop Hall refers to it in the second Satire of his fourth Book:

> "That Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,
> That of a worm doth wax a winged goose."

Caliban's barnacle is the *clakis*, or tree-goose.

[27] i. e. leopard

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends [1] your cell:
They cannot budge, till your release.[2] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo:"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

[1] i. e. defends from the weather. *Line-grove* is usually printed *lime-grove;* but line-tree is the true name of the tree referred to and it stands so in all the old copies.

[2] i. e. until you release them.

Pro. And mine shall
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;[3]
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be[4]) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up

[3] This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in Ovid; the expressions are, many of them, in the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own

[4] i. e. ye are powerful auxiliaries, but *weak* if left to yourselves; your employments being of the trivial nature before mentioned.

The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him*, ALONZO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull![5] There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. ——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. — The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O thou good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonzo, use me and my daughter:

[5] So in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:
"Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains."

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; [6] who with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! — Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me: — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will disease me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan: — quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily. [7]
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. [8]

[6] *Remorse* is *pity, tenderness of heart; nature* is *natural affection*

[7] "At night, 'when owls do cry,' Ariel couches 'in a cowslip's bell;' and he uses 'the bat's back' as his pleasant vehicle, to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms." Such appears the most natural as well as most poetical meaning of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history? H.

[8] This was the received opinion: so in Fairfax's Tasso, Book iv. stanza 18:

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches: the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r[9] thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: This must crave,
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: — But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

"The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore
And under every trembling leaf they sit."

[9] Whether.

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd. or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties [10] o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. — Welcome, my friends all: —
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No: —
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe [11] for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

[10] *Subtilties* are quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.

[11] I am *sorry* for it.

For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late;[12] and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

[12] i. e. as great to me, *and* as late.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.[13]
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to* ALON.
Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: She

[13] The sense of this passage is not altogether clear. The word *not* seems wanting after *prove*; unless *if* have by some means got substituted for *but*. Alonzo has lost his son once, and if this which he now sees prove *not* a mere vision, he will have to lose him again. H.

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.

Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy: and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[14]

Alon. [*To* FER. *and* MIRA.] Give me your hands
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir! here are more of us.

[14] i. e. when no man was *in his senses*, or had *self-possession*

I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: — Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare,[15] and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. [*Aside.*
Pro. My tricksy[16] spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger: — Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? [*Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod
And there is in this business more than nature

[15] i. e. ready. [16] i. e. adroit, nimble.

Was ever conduct of:[17] some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on[18]
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
(Which to you shall seem probable,) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. — [*Aside.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune: — Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords.

[17] Conductor of.

[18] There is a vulgar expression still in use, of similar import "Still *hammering* at it."

Then say, if they be true:[19] — This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:[20]
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil,
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?[21] —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: — Go, sirrah, to my cell;

[19] Honest.

[20] i. e. work the same effects as the moon without her delegated authority.

[21] The phrase of being *gilded* was a trite one for being *drunk*. Fletcher uses it in The Chances, Act iv. sc. 3:

"*Duke.* Is she not drunk too?
Con. A little *gilded* o'er, sir: old sack, old sack, boys

Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRIN.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel. — chick, —
That is thy charge: then to the elements;
Be free, and fare thou well! — Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[1]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

[1] i. e. by your *applause*. *Noise* was supposed to dissolve a spell. Thus before in this play:

"hush, and be mute,
Or else our *spell is marr'd*."

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

VAST labour and research have been spent in endeavours to ascertain the times when Shakespeare's several plays were written, and the sources whence his plots and materials were drawn. The subject is certainly very curious and interesting, not only in reference to the Poet's external history, but as illustrating the growth and progress of the greatest individual mind that hath reported itself in human speech. And, though the desired results have seldom been reached, enough has been done to pay the labour: even where the end has not been gained such approximations have been often made as amply vindicate the undertaking; and in overhauling the musty records of antiquity, along with much that is valuable only or chiefly as bearing upon something else, much has also been brought to light, that is of rare value in itself. Thus Shakespeare, ever fresh and ever young himself, keeps alive many things which it is for our interest not to let die; he being, as it were, the master of ceremonies to bring us acquainted with the great spirits that cluster and revolve around him.

We are apt to think of Shakespeare too much as an abstraction of intellectual power, with whom the ordinary laws and processes of mental life and action had little or nothing to do. He must indeed have been a prodigious infant, yet an infant he unquestionably was; and had to proceed by the usual paths from infancy to manhood, how unusual soever may have been the ease and speed of his passage. Dowered perhaps with such a portion of genius as hath fallen to no other mortal, still his powers had to struggle through the common infirmities and encumbrances of our nature For, assuredly, his mind was not born full-grown and ready-furnished for the course and service of Truth, but had to creep, totter and prattle; much study, observation, experience, in short, a long, severe *tentative* process being required to insinew, and discipline, and regulate his genius into power. Had he been naturally fre-

from inward insufficiencies, still he was beset with clogs and drawbacks from without: to act upon the age as he did, he must needs have been more or less acted upon by it; and even had he been able to start from the point where he ended, it was impracticable for him to do so, since in that case he would have been too far ahead of those for whom he wrote to take them along with him. And such, no doubt, were the very trials and chastenings whereby he came to be

> "of a rectified spirit,
> By many revolutions of discourse refin'd
> From all the tartarous moods of common men;
> . . . . . most severe
> In fashion and collection of himself;
> And then as clear, and confident as Jove."

Dryden rather oddly represents the Poet's ghost as saying,

> "Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
> I found not, but created first, the stage:"

but this is far from true, the ghost being made to utter Dryden's thoughts, not Shakespeare's. For, though the least that he did may be worth more than all that was done before him, and his poorest performances surpass the best of his models; it is nevertheless certain that his task was but to continue and perfect what others had begun. Not only were the three forms of comedy, history, and tragedy in use on the English stage, but the elements of these were to some extent blended in the freedom and variety of the Romantic Drama; though of course in nothing like the purity and harmony wherein he presented them. The usage, also, of dramatic blank-verse stood up inviting his adoption; there being scarce any variety of measure, or pause, or cadence, of which Marlowe had not set the example: though no one before or since has come near Shakespeare in the mastery of its capabilities, — in the ever-varying, never-tiring fluctuation of his verse; his genius being an inexhaustible spring of both mental and verbal modulation. Nor can this be rightly regarded as any alleviation of his task, or any abatement of his fame. For to work thus with materials and upon models already prepared, without being drawn down to their level and subdued to their quality, asks a higher order and exercise of power, than to strike out in a way and with a stock entirely new. And herein it is that the absorbing, and purifying, and quickening virtue of Shakespeare's genius is best seen: he had not a drama to create in any of its forms or elements, but a drama to regenerate and rectify, — to inform its shapes with life and grace, to temper and mould its elements in the happy symmetry and proportion of living art. Thus his work naturally inked in with the whole past: in his hands the collective

thought and wisdom of ages were smelted out of the earth and dross wherein they lay imbedded, and wrought into figures of undecaying beauty; and the extraction and efficacy of centuries were treasured up in his pages.

It can hardly be questioned that THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA was among the earliest-written of our author's plays. This is apparent from the internal evidence: the frequency of rhymes, the comparative want of variety, and the general smoothness of the versification showing that he had not yet grown to a just reliance on his own strength, and to the free working of his powers; that he was rather looking at his models than overseeing them, — rather mastered by them than mastering them and rising upon them. Compared to the plays of what is termed his third or even his second period, the poetry, rich as it is, has more of a yrical than dramatic cast; particular parts and passages, though often full of beauty, are less subordinated to the whole, and seem more as if used for their own sake; the general style and structure is loose, unvital, inorganic; and we miss the close-knitting of thought and image, the subtle and sinewy discourse, and the "working words," that give such matchless energy and operation to his later and riper performances. Hence, no doubt, the persuasion of certain men, that Shakespeare had little share in the making of this play. Concerning whom Mr. Collier says, "The notion of some critics, that The Two Gentlemen of Verona contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand, is strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment." Wherein we agree with him; for Shakespeare's marks are set all over the play: but they are the marks of his "prentice hand," though such as no prentice hand but his could have put into it; the play, especially in the more comic parts, poor as these are beside others from the same source, as much outstripping any thing done before him as it falls short of what he afterwards did.

The internal evidence is corroborated by whatsoever of external evidence hath come down to us. Of the plays meutioned by Francis Meres in his Wit's Treasury, published in 1598, The Two Gentlemen of Verona stands first in the list. He says: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins; so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's Labour's Lost, his Love's Labour Won,* his Midsummer-Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet." Supposing Meres to include both parts of Henry IV., and adding the three parts of Henry VI., which were written before this date,

* The original title of All's Well That Ends Well

we have sixteen plays out of thirty-seven, when the author was in his thirty-fourth year. Which, unless we attribute to him such a facility and fluency of pen as neither the reason of the thing nor the facts of the case will warrant, will force us to set his first efforts at play-making back to an earlier period in his life than is generally supposed. Nor, considering his aptitudes for the work, is it at all unlikely that he made some attempts that way even before he left Stratford: at all events, that some of the plays which we now have were written before the end of his twenty-fourth year, seems hardly questionable. And if it seem extraordinary that so young a man should have produced The Two Gentlemen of Verona, how much more extraordinary is it that a man of whatsoever age should have written Lear!

In 1589 Shakespeare, at the age of twenty-five, was a joint proprietor of the Blackfriars theatre; — a place which he could hardly have won but by ability and usefulness in the offices pertaining to such an establishment. And where was he so likely to be able and useful as in the field where he has so far surpassed all other men?

In 1592 appeared "A Groatsworth of Wit," by Robert Greene, which contains an unmistakeable allusion to Shakespeare. It was written amidst the anguishes of a death-bed repentance, the author's purpose being to dissuade "those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance," from "spending their wits in making plays;" to which end he uses this argument: "For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tigre's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.' The words in Italic are a parody of a verse in Henry VI., "O, tigre's heart wrapp'd in a *woman's* hide;" which goes still further to ascertain the writer's aim. And the fair inference is, that Shakespeare was known as a sort of Do-all, a Fac-totum, who could turn his hand to any thing, and beat Greene and his associates in the very walks where they severally excelled; and that he was successful not only as a writer, but as an adapter and improver of plays: in which latter quality he had perhaps overhauled some of their writings, and thrown the authors into the shade by adding more to them than they were originally worth; thus getting beautified with their feathers because he had feathers still more beautiful of his own. As the three parts of Henry VI., and perhaps Titus Andronicus, were in fact adapted from preëxisting stock copies, into which Shakespeare distilled something of the life and spirit of his genius, it is quite probable that Greene and those whom he addresses had, jointly or severally, a hand in writing them.

Soon after "A Groatsworth of Wit" was written and before it was published Greene died; and a few months later Henry

Chettle, his fellow-dramatist, and his publisher, put forth a book entitled Kind-heart's Dream, wherein he regrets the attack on Shakespeare, "because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil, then he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." It is considerable that at this time Shakespeare had published nothing, his Venus and Adonis not being issued till the following year, 1593. Yet he was distinguished for "his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art;" from which it would seem that he was best known in the lighter and finer graces of poetry, his mastery of its deeper powers being as yet either unattained or unappreciated. How was he so likely to win such a reputation as by plays like The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Comedy of Errors, where quips, and quirks, and clenches meet us in showers at every turn? the persons having apparently set out to "act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if their veins ran with quicksilver; and not utter a phrase but what shall come forth steept in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire;" yet the redundant facetiousness is every where touched with a grace at that time unexampled on the English stage.

All which amply warrants the conclusion, that Shakespeare was "our pleasant Willy," whom Spenser, in his Tears of The Muses, published in 1591, speaks of as

> "the man whom Nature's selfe had made,
> To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate."

And again, after complaining that

> "Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
> And doth the Learned's taske upon him take:

> "But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
> Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
> Scorning the boldness of such base-borne men,
> Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
> Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
> Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was probably one of the "streames" that drew forth this no less appropriate than beautiful tribute from the great sweet poet of Faery Land. For even in the plays, which we suppose to have been written before this period, there are frequent touches of that inexpressible sweetness and delicacy of spirit which won him the name, "my gentle

Shakespeare," and which comes out in all his works, like the unconscious issues of a mind

> "As gentle as the stroking wind
> Runs o'er the gentler flowers."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it follows next The Tempest. No note has been discovered of the performance of this play during the author's life. Doubtless it was brought upon the stage, for the Poet had no thought of writing dramas merely for the closet: but if it had been acted as often as his other plays, we should most likely have some record of its performance, as we have in the case of so many of the others. Notwithstanding its superiority in character and poetry to any plays then in use from other hands, perhaps its comparative excess of the rhetorical over the dramatic elements made it less popular in that most action-loving age, than many far below it in all other respects. This lack of success on the boards may also account in part for its freedom from the inequalities we find in several of his earlier plays; as, for example, in Love's Labour's Lost and All's Well That Ends Well there are parts and passages where both the tone of the thought and the structure of the verse evince a pitch of mastership that had not been reached when the plays were originally written. It was then quite common for a play, when brought out anew, to be revised and retouched either by the author or by some other hand; and some of Shakespeare's are known to have undergone this process much to their advantage. Which was probably the cause of the inequalities in question; — a cause that would not be likely to operate, unless there were call for the revival of a play.

No novel or romance has been found, to which Shakespeare could have been *much* indebted for the plot or matter of the play before us. In the part of Julia and her maid Lucetta there are indeed some points of resemblance to the Diana of Jorge de Montmayor, a Spanish romance at that time very popular in England, and of which an English version by Bartholomew Yonge was published in 1598. The Diana is one of the books spared from the bonfire of Don Quixote's library, because, in the words of the Priest who superintends the burning, "They do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." The part from which Shakespeare is thought to have borrowed is the story of Felismena, the heroine: "My father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided with a distant relative; and, at the age of seventeen, fell in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province where I lived. The

object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion; but his father, having learned the attachment between us, sent his son to court with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure I followed him in the disguise of a page, and on the night of my arrival discovered, by a serenade I heard him give, that he had disposed of his affections. Not being recognized, I was taken into his service, and engaged to conduct the correspondence with the mistress who had supplanted me in his heart." Though Yonge's version of the Diana was not published till 1598, several years after the probable date of The Two Gentlemen of Verona; yet the story was generally well known; parts of it were translated in Sidney's Arcadia, which came out in 1590; and there is good reason to think that the "History of Felix and Philiomena," which was acted at court as far back as 1582, was a play founded on the story of Felix and Felismena. So that, granting Shakespeare to have followed the tale in question, he might well enough have been familiar with it long before Yonge's translation appeared. But the truth is, such and similar incidents were the common staple of romances in that age. And the same may be said touching the matter of Valentine's becoming captain of the outlaws; for which the Poet has been written down as obliged to the Arcadia. Excepting the Diana, there is no reason to think that Shakespeare was indebted to any thing but his own invention for the materials of the play under consideration.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that "in this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence." In proof of the ignorance he then adduces the Poet's violation of geography in making his persons pass from Verona to Milan by water, there being no such passage between those cities. This is one of the departures from fact which critics have been fond of quoting, in order, as would seem, to impeach or disrepute his science. But, inasmuch as Shakespeare's geography and chronology are always accurate enough when such accuracy will serve the purpose of his art, it seems rather questionable whether in this case his inaccuracy should be set down to ignorance. Perhaps, after all, he showed as much knowledge here as he meant to show; and he must have been ignorant indeed, not to know that his geography was incorrect. It should be borne in mind that his purpose was art, not science; that he spoke to the imagination rather than the understanding: which being the case, science itself would tell him that literal or geographical truth was to be sacrificed, in so far as such sacrifice would serve the methods of imagination and the uses of art. Thus, by the laws of his work, the lower gives way to the higher: he facilitates the passage to Milan for the convenience of his hearers in that quality or capacity wherein he addresses them. And he knew well enough that they did not visit the theatre to learn geography or chronology, but to see a vivid, truthful, lifelike representation of action, character,

and passion; and that nothing but a poor conceit of scientific accuracy would stick and boggle at such freedoms as art and imagination gladly allow.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona betrays much the same unripeness in its characterization as we have remarked in its other qualities. Coleridge pronounces it "a sketch," and Hazlitt says it is "little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in;" which expressions, though perhaps somewhat too general and sweeping, do not seem to strike very wide of the truth. The main exception is in the two clownish servants, who, though so inelegant and unrefined that Pope wanted to eject them from their place, display, to our mind, more truth and energy of characterization, than all the other persons put together. It is true, they are continually pelting those about them with very small wit, wherein they seem rather too much like one mind in two persons; but their wit, if such it may be called, is quite as good as that of their betters: from beneath their affectations we catch some tones of native humour: their talk, rude and undignified enough, still relishes of nature, and smells of the places where men actually walk. Launce, master of quibbles and cranks, with his warm heart and wagging tongue sobbing in parables and conceits, is a genuine sprout of the Poet's brain. The scene between him and his dog Crab, where he recounts the sins of the latter which he has taken upon himself, to save the poor brute from being cudgelled and killed, is one of those odd, touching, nonsensical things, such as we find nowhere but in Shakespeare and nature.

Launce and Speed, Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, seem designedly arranged by pairs, and have such a mixture of contrast and resemblance between them as might fitly serve to herald the matchless combinations that were still to come from the same cunning hand. Julia, seeking out and attending her faithless lover in the disguise of a page, and even making herself servant to his infidelity, is one of those exhibitions of female purity, sweetness, and devotion, wherein Shakespeare so far excels all other writers. Her innocence and gentleness are but the more apparent for the chill, rough atmosphere that threatens them; the Poet, here as elsewhere, multiplying the difficulties of the situation, the better to approve the beauty of the character. Perhaps the best excuse for her undertaking is, that she never dreams but her lover's heart is as far from fraud as her own, till she finds him with proofs to the contrary on his tongue. Julia, however, is little else than a dim foreshadowing of Imogen: we might almost call them the same person, now seen before, now after marriage; though, in the latter case, by a much clearer light. Perhaps, withal, Imogen has both more rectitude of thought and more delicacy of feeling, than to set forth on such an adventure with so little cause: for Julia has no persecution at home to drive her away, and her love seems rather unwise in not bearing the

absence of its object, this being so manifestly for his good. — Silvia, though rather thin and unsubstantial, is a goodly, graceful figure. As strong in love perhaps as Julia; of demeanour not quite so pretty, but more becoming; a little more artful, and withal much more prudent and practical; though her virtue be far above suspicion, yet she raises a shrewd doubt whether the offers of a second lover would be so greatly unwelcome to her, but that he undertakes to supplant the first, instead of accepting a place beside him in her thoughts. In her disguise and flight there is no such appearance of turning romantic for the sake of romance, as strikes us in the case of Julia.

Proteus, truant to love, and thereby rendered false to friendship, moves little feeling of any sort, as his faults appear to spring from the rank and undisciplined impulses of youth. His passion is evidently of the kind that thinks more of itself than of its object; and his much talking about it breeds in us a secret distrust of its quality from the first, as knowing,

> "When the blood burns, how prodigally the soul
> Lends the tongue vows:"

for which cause we do not wonder that it betrays him into something of baseness. But, though passion seduces him from truth and reason, the failure of his undertaking and Julia's heroic constancy recover him to them: love, overmastered in the absence of its object, resumes its sway in her presence; and experience brings him to the discovery of his own weakness, which is the beginning of wisdom, and the first stepping towards virtue. — In Valentine we have the rudiments, and something more, of a truly noble and beautiful character. His slowness to take the meaning of Silvia's artful and enigmatical invitations finely exemplifies the innate modesty of a true affection, that is kept from discerning the signs of a return by a sense of its own unworthiness.

And yet, for some cause or other, these persons do not greatly interest or move us; there being an appearance of art either in the characters themselves or in the delineation of them, that still beats back our sympathies, and keeps us from really feeling as in the presence of nature while with them. Nevertheless, the play, taken as a whole, illustrates with considerable skill the truant fickleness of human passion, and the weakness of human reason when opposed by passion, and at the same time depicts the beauty of maiden truth and constancy. Mr. Hallam sets it down as "probably the first English comedy in which characters are drawn from social life, at once ideal and true."

PERSONS REPRESENTED

DUKE of MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish Rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, Servant to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.
Outlaws.

JULIA, a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.
SILVIA, the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.
LUCETTA, Waitingwoman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN, and on the frontiers of MANTUA.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.[2]
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,[3] Valentine.

[1] Milton has the same play upon words in his Comus:

"It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence."

[2] *Idleness* is called *shapeless*, as preventing the shaping of the character and manners. H.

[3] A *beadsman*, as the word is here used, is one who offers up

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; but you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[4]

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why, then a grievous labour won;
However,[5] but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,[6] I fear, you'll prove.

prayers for another's welfare. Thus we are told that Sir Henry Lee, upon retiring from the office of Champion to Queen Elizabeth, said "his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her *beadsman*, now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service." *Bead* was the Anglo-Saxon word for *prayer*, and so gave name to the small wooden balls which were used in numbering prayers, and a string of which was called a *rosary*. Such appears to have been the origin of the name, if not of the thing, a string of beads. H.

[4] A proverbial expression, now disused, signifying, "Don't make a laughing-stock of me." Perhaps deduced from a humourous punishment at harvest-home feasts in Warwickshire.

[5] That is, either way; whether "haply won" or "lost." H.

[6] We have here a play upon the word *circumstance*, the first being used for *circumlocution*, as in Othello: "He evades them with a bombast *circumstance*, horribly stuff'd with epithets of

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more, adieu: My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,[7]
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell!
[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

war;" — the second for course of action or conduct. Thus Baret in his Alvearie, published in 1580: "To use great *circumstance* of woordes, to go about the bushe." H.

[7] The construction is, "Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan."

War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already; And I have played the sheep,[8] in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your let-

[8] In Warwickshire, and some other counties, *sheep* is pronounced *ship*. Without this explanation the jest, such as it is might escape the reader.

ter to her, a lac d mutton ;[9] and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray : 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake : I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin ? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she ? — [SPEED *nods.*] — Did she nod ?[10]

Speed. Ay.

Pro. Nod-ay ? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir : I say she did nod ; and you ask me, if she did nod ; and I say, ay.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

[9] " *Laced mutton,*" we are told, " was so established a term for a courtesan, that a lane in Clerkenwell, much frequented by loose women, was thence called Mutton Lane." Speed apparently understands the person he is talking with, for it is observable that he uses no such language in his speech with Valentine ; and the reason of his daring to speak thus respecting Julia is to be found in the nature of Sir Proteus' passion, which, though doubtless characteristic of him, is not very honourable to him. H.

[10] These words were supplied by Theobald to introduce what follows. The poor quibble just below is more apparent in the original, where, according to the mode of that time, the affirmative particle, *ay*, is spelt I. *Noddy* was a game at cards : applied to a person, the word meant *fool ;* Noddy being the name of what is commonly called the Jack. H

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief. What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.[11] Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as — "take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me;[12] in requital whereof, henceforth

[11] The meaning is, "Since she has been so hard to me, the bearer of your mind, I fear she will be equally hard to you whose mind I bore." H.

[12] That is, you have given me a *testern*. Testern, now called tester, was a coin of sixpence value, first issued in England in 1542, and so named from having a *teste*, that is, a head, stamped upon it. It was introduced from France, and was originally 18d but afterwards fell to 12d, 9d, and finally 6d, where it stuck. H

carry your letters yourself: And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. JULIA'S Garden.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle[1] encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame,

[1] *Parle* is *talk*

That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure [2] thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus, — of many good I think him best

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire,[3] that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O! they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia." — Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker![4]

[2] To *censure*, in Shakespeare's time, generally signified to give one's judgment or opinion. Thus in The Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 1: "How blest am I in my just *censure!* in my true opinion!"

[3] *Fire* is here a dissyllable. The play has other like examples: "But qualify the *fire's* extreme rage;" and again: "Trenched in ice, which with an *hour's* heat," &c. These and similar words were continually used thus by the poets of Shakespeare's time: and yet Steevens undertook to correct the Poet's measure in such cases by supplying another word! H.

[4] A matchmaker. It was sometimes used for a procuress

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place!
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay"
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse.
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past: —
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach[5] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

[5] *Stomach* is here used in the double sense of *hunger* and *anger*. H.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set[6]—

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:[7]
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

[6] That is, *set it to music.* Julia in the next line plays upon the word, understanding it in the sense of *set by*, or make account of. H.

[7] The simple air in music was called the *plain song*, or *ground*; the *descant* was what is now called *variations*; the *mean* what we call the *tenor*. This use of musical terms before a popular audience would seem to infer, which was indeed the case, that taste and knowledge in music was a characteristic trait of "merry

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base [8] for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil [9] with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings! [10]
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ — "kind Julia:" — Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ — "love-wounded Proteus." -
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

England in the olden time." What with the sour fanaticism of the Commonwealth, and the licentiousness of the Restoration, both of which were equally fatal, this beautiful feature was so blasted, that it has never been fully recovered. H.

[8] Lucetta is still quibbling, and turns the allusion off upon the rustic game of *base*, or prison-base, in which one ran and challenged another to catch him. H.

[9] That is, bustle, stir.

[10] Shakespeare has given several proofs of a practical acquaintance with the economy of bees; some of which the naturalist as well as the poet may study with profit; as the fine description in Henry V. Act i. sc. 2, "for so work the honey-bees," &c. He had doubtless observed how they "make boot upon the summer's velvet buds," and also how the "injurious wasps" plunder them, stinging them to death for the sweetness they yield. Knight says, "The metaphor of the pretty pouting Julia is as accurate as it is beautiful." H

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith[11] so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[12]

Jul. I see you have a month's mind[13] to them.

[11] Since.

[12] That is, lest they should catch cold; anciently a common form of expression.

[13] "*A month's mind*," says Mr. Collier, "is here equivalent to 'a great mind,' or strong inclination." In its "ritual sense" the phrase meant a month's remembrance, referring to the masses or other solemnities enjoined in the will of a deceased person for the repose of his soul. The strong desire with which these ceremonies were regarded may have caused the phrase to signify an eager longing, in which sense it is generally thought to be used here It occurs in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady: "I have *a month' mind* to peep a little too;" and in Hudibras:

"For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who hath not *a month's mind* to a combat?" H.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in ANTONIO's House.

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad [1] talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.[2]
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me to impórtune you

[1] That is, grave or serious.

[2] This passage is all alive with the spirit of Shakespeare's own time, when enterprise, adventure, and study were every where the order of the day, and all ranks were stirred with noble agitations; the mind's life being then no longer exhausted in domestic broils, nor as yet stifled by a passion for gain. And, to say nothing of foreign discoveries, where wonder and curiosity were ever finding new stores of food, and still grew hungry by what they fed on; or of Flemish campaigns, where chivalrous honour and mental accomplishment "kissed each other;" what a tremendous perturbation must have run through the national mind, what a noble fury must have enriched the nation's brain, to make it effervesce in such a flood as hath rolled down to us in the works of Spenser Hooker, Shakespeare, and Bacon! H

To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,[3]
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd;
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

[3] Here again the Poet is alluding to the practices of his own time. At an earlier period when war was expressly conducted by the laws of knighthood, "the tournay, with all its magnificence, its minstrels, and heralds, and damosels in lofty towers, had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths." But the tournaments of Shakespeare's time, and such as Proteus was sent to practise, were "the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances;" as magnificent indeed as the old knightly encounters but "as harmless to the combatants as those between other less noble actors, — the heroes of the stage." The Poet had no doubt witnessed some of these "courtly pastimes," as held by Her Majesty in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, or by proud Leicester in the Tilt-yard at Kenilworth.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.[4]

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish

[4] That is, *break*, or *open*, the matter *to* him;—one of many instances showing how much the use of prepositions has changed *To break with a person*, now wears a very different meaning Antonio's words, *in good time*, refer to Proteus, whom he just then sees coming.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[5] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PANT.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.[6]

[5] *Exhibition* is allowance of money; it is still used in the Universities for a stipend.

[6] It is curious to note with what accuracy as well as vividness the Poet here paints the manners of April. The play was written in his youth, when he was more at home with external nature than with man, his mind not having yet climb the height of this latter argument. What a study is traced in the progress of his mind as the gay riches of vision gradually yielded to the sterner and solider riches of thought: the first, however, giving a promise of the last, and the last keeping up a remembrance of the first. The

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.[1]

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

ine ecstasy with which, in his earlier plays, as in his poems, he dwells on the movements and aspects of nature has often sent our thoughts to a passage of Wordsworth, describing his youthful self:

> "For nature then
> To me was all in all. I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love." H.

[1] *On* and *one* were anciently pronounced alike, and frequently written so.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: Tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[2] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[3] You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for,

[2] To *take diet* is to be under a *regimen* for a disease.

[3] The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in Staffordshire go from parish to parish *a souling*, as they call it; that is, *begging and puling*, (or singing small, as Bailey's Dictionary explains *puling*,) for soul-cakes, and singing what they call the souler's song. These terms point out the condition of this benevolence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.

without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd![4]

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set;[5] so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion![6] O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

[4] Going ungartered is enumerated by Rosalind as one of the undoubted marks of love. "Then your hose should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c. As You Like It, Act iii. sc. 2.

[5] *Set*, for *seated*, in opposition to *stand* in the preceding line. It appears, however, to be used metaphorically in the sense applied to the sun when it sinks below the horizon.

[6] A *motion* signified, in Shakespeare's time, a *puppet-show*. Speed means, what a fine puppet-show shall we have now! Here

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside.*] O! 'give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside.*] He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'Tis very clerkly [7] done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam, so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet —.

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel:
And yet I will not name it; — and yet I care not; —
And yet take this again; — and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside.*] And yet you will; and yet, another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ

is the principal *puppet* to whom my master will be the interpreter The showman was then frequently called the interpreter.

[7] That is, like a scholar.

But since unwillingly, take them again:
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: Why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No. believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse!

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

"For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in print;[8] for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O! be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring*

[8] That is, with exactness.

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange: here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.[1]

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming: answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.

[*Exit* JULIA.

Julia, farewell. — What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come: —
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this

[1] The ceremonial of betrothing, for which a ritual was formerly provided, is thus set down by the Priest in Twelfth Night, Act v sc. 1:

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
> And all the ceremony of this compact
> Seal'd in my function, by my testimony."

Such a "contract" was held sacred by the Church.

very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father; — no, this left shoe [2] is my father: — no, no, this left shoe is my mother; — nay, that cannot be so neither: — yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog; — O! the dog is me, and I am myself: Ay, so, so.[3] Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that the shoe could speak now like an old woman! [4]

[2] This shows that in the Poet's time each foot had its several shoe; which fashion, once laid aside, has grown into general use again within our recollection. H

[3] Launce here gets entangled with his own ingenuity, and the Poet probably did not mean to extricate him. Of course commentators have taken care to see him well out of his perplexity. H.

[4] The original here reads, *like a would-woman;* — an evident corruption, which Pope altered to *old woman*, and Theobald to *wood woman*, the latter of which has been adopted by most editors

— well, I kiss her; — why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tied, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide![5] Why, man,

since; *wood* being the old word for *frantic* or *mad:* so that the speaker means that his mother was frantic with grief at parting with so hopeful a son. The original copy is without the parenthesis; nor will there appear much need of it, if we but bear in mind that Launce has reference to the shoe which he has made representative of his mother: and perhaps the sense would be clearer, if we read, "O, that *the shoe* could speak now," &c. H.

[5] The first, *tied*, evidently refers to the dog; the last, *tide*, to the river: this is plain from what follows, — "Why, man, if the river were dry," &c. In the original *tied* and *tide* are both spelt the same way; which renders the quibble more obvious. H

if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come; away, man: I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress!

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy; it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.[1]

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply[2] I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote[3] you my folly?

[1] That is, you are *serious*. [2] That is, perhaps.

[3] To *quote* is to mark, to observe. It was formerly pronounced and sometimes written *coate*, from the French: hence the quibble here upon the words *quote* and *coat*. H.

Val. I coat it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.[4]

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What! angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

[4] This is much the same as saying, in the wardrobe dialect of our day, My coat is a vest. The *jerkin*, or jacket, was generally worn over the *doublet;* but sometimes the latter was worn alone and so confounded with the former. Sometimes both had sleeves sometimes neither, and in the latter case sleeves were separate articles of dress.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health.
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature,[5] and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew[6] me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,

[5] *Feature* in the Poet's age was often used for form or person in general. So in Ant. and Cleop. Act ii. sc. 5. "Report the *feature* of Octavia." Thus also Spenser: "Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide."

[6] A petty mode of adjuration, equivalent to *ill betide* me.

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite[7] him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye at all

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done: Here comes the gentleman. [*Exeunt* THURIO *and* SPEED

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

[7] *Cite*, for *incite*

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability: —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter THURIO.[8]

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. — Once more, new servant, welcome
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA *and* THURIO.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

[8] Theobald put "*a servant*" in the place of Thurio here, keeping Thurio on the stage during the preceding dialogue; and the change has been received by most editors since. The object was, no doubt, to save the Duke from employing Sir Thurio, who is suitor to his daughter, and the one favoured by himself, as his bearer of despatches. It must be owned that the etiquette of the palace does give way a little here to the exigencies of the stage, which in the Poet's time often had more characters than performers, and therefore could not always spare an actor to serve merely as message-carrier. Nevertheless we restore the old order of the scene. H.

Val. And how do yours ?

Pro. I left them all in health

Val. How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you: I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious [9] thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow O! gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord; And hath so humbled me, as, I confess, There is no woe [10] to his correction, Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth! Now, no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her

Val. O! flatter me; for love delights in praises

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills And I must minister the like to you.

[9] That is, *imperial*. Thus in Hamlet: "*Imperious* Cæsa dead and turn'd to clay."

[10] That is, no misery *compared to* that inflicted by love; — a form of speech not unusal in the old writers: Thus an old ballad

"There is no comfort in the world
To women that are kind." H.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[11]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour, —
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worth as nothing.
She is alone.
Pro. Then, — let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;

[11] *A principality* is an angel of the highest order, and therefore next to *divine*. *Speak the truth* by *her*, — that is, speak the truth *of* her; another obsolete use of a preposition. H.

Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth.
I must unto the road,[12] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. — [*Exit* VALENTINE.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye,[13] or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love; —
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,[14]

[12] That is, the *haven* where the ships lie at anchor.

[13] The original has, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise?" where the latter end, the mark, ?, seems to forget the beginning, *It is*. *Mine eye* is Warburton's emendation; and the pointing itself suggests the transposition of *It is*. Mr. Collier thinks the true reading may have been *mine eyen*, corrupted, as it might easily be, by the printer into *mine*. Malone's reading, *Is it her mien* which is the one generally followed, seems something ajar with the context. That the name should here be Valentin*us*, is probable, because the verse requires it, and from its having been before used in that form, Act i. sc. 3. H.

[14] It was anciently supposed that if a witch made a waxen image of any one she wished to destroy or torment, and hung it by the fire, as the image wasted away the original would do so too. Hence the allusion in the text. H

Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,[15]
And that hath dazzled[16] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason[17] but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. The same. A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always — that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap! I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where for one shot of

[15] Dr. Johnson censures the Poet for making Proteus say he has but seen the "picture" of Silvia, when he has just been talking with the lady herself. The great Doctor was not great enough to catch Shakespeare so, and in this case he made a blunder, instead of finding one. Proteus wants to get deeper in love with Silvia, and so resorts to the argument, that the little he has seen of her is as though he had but seen her picture. The figure is not more apt for his purpose than beautiful in itself. *Advice*, in the two lines above, is used in the sense of *acquaintance*. H

[16] *Dazzled* is used as a trisyllable.

[17] *Reason* is here used in the sense of *doubt*. H

five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou,[1] that my master is become a notable lover?

[1] That is, what say'st thou to this.

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be?

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass! thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian.[2] Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn,
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear

[2] The festivals of the Church were often celebrated with merry makings, of which ale-drinking formed a part: hence they were called "Ales," and "Church Ales." Before the days of Puritanism, of course none but Jews would refuse "to go to the Ale with a Christian." Launce is quibbling still, as usual. H.

O sweet-suggesting[1] love! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better. —
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, (witness heaven, that made her fair!)
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine: —
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:[2]

[1] That is, *sweetly-tempting*. To *suggest*, in the language of our ancestors, was to *tempt*.

[2] *Competitor* here means confederate, assistant, partner. Thus in Ant. Cleop. Act v. sc. 1:

> "That thou my brother, my *competitor*
> In top of all design, my *mate* in empire,
> *Friend* and *companion* in the front of war."

Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;[3]
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee, —
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd,[1] —
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps:[2]

[3] That is, *proposed* or *intended* flight. The verb *prétendre* has the same signification in French.

[1] The *tables*, or table-book, made of ivory or slate, were used, as they now are, for noting down any thing to be remembered. Thus the well-known lines in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 5:

"My tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain." H.

[2] An allusion to the pilgrimages formerly made by religious enthusiasts, — who, like Julia, loved much, but not wisely, — often to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem, but oftener still to "the House of our Lady at Loretto." In that age, when there were few roads and many robbers, to go afoot and alone through all the pains and perils of a passage from England to either of

Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire.
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love,
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

these shrines, was deemed proof that the person was thoroughly in earnest. The Santa Casa at Loretto was supposed to be the house in which the Blessed Virgin was born, it having been supernaturally transported from Galilee to Italy, and placed in a wood at midnight; which was the cause of so many more pilgrimages being made to that place. H.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as — "tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances of infinite of love,[3]
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.[4]
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof,[5] despatch me hence

[3] *Infinite* is here used for *infinity*. So in Much Ado Abou Nothing we find "*the infinite* of thought;" and Chaucer has "although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time." The reading is that of the first folio: the second has "instances *as* infinite of love," which is adopted by Mr. Collier. But the former, besides having better authority, seems better in itself. H

[4] That is, the journey that I *long* to be making; or, it may be, the journey that I shall make with continual longing to reach the end of it. H.

[5] That is, in *consideration* thereof. So in The Tempest, Act i. sc. 2: "That he in *lieu* o' the premises," &c. This use of *lieu* is not uncommon in the old writers. Thus in Hooker: "But be it that God of his great liberality had determined *in lieu* of man's endeavours to bestow the same," &c. Eccle. Pol. B. i. ch. xi. sec. 5; and in Spenser's Dedication of his "Four Hymns" to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick: "Beseeching you to accept this my humble service, *in lieu* of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto me." H.

Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Milan. An Ante-room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about. —
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care

Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court.
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[1] might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[2]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[3]

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

[1] That is, guess. In Romeo and Juliet we have: "I *aim'd* so near when I suppos'd you lov'd."

[2] That is, tempted. Vide note 1, Act ii. sc. 6.

[3] That is, design.

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Va. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while:
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where [4] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor.

[4] *Where* for *whereas*, often used by old writers

(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang d,)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away;"
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentlemen of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,[5] but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

[5] That is, hinders

Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—"To Silvia!"
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O! could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for[6] they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence
[*Exit* DUKE

Val. And why not death, rather than living tor
ment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.[7]

[6] That is, because.

[7] And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
"Animum pictura pascit inani" *Virgil.*

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair[8] on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear!

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

[8] That is, *by flying*, or *in flying*. It is a Gallicism.

[9] Launce is still quibbling: he is running down the *hare* he started when he first entered

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd — O! that is the news —
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O! I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.[10]
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VAL. *and* PRO.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.[11] He lives

[10] So in Hamlet: "These to her excellent white bosom." To understand this mode of addressing letters, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the forepart of their stays, in which they carried not only love letters and love tokens, but even their money. In many parts of England rustic damsels still continue the practice. A very old lady informed Mr. Steevens, that when it was the fashion to wear very prominent stays it was the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them.

[11] *But one knave*, according to Dr Johnson, here means, *but*

not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips;[12] yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water spaniel, — which is much in a bare[13] Christian. Here is the cate-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. "Imprimis, She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. "Item, She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou can'st not read.

once a knave, as opposed to *twice* a knave, or a *double* knave But it seems more likely that Launce is simply engaged in his usual occupation of punning; his sense being, "if he be *but one* knave, that's *all one*. H.

[12] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble is evident.

[13] *Bare* has two senses, *mere* and *naked*. Launce, quibbling on, uses it in both senses, and opposes the naked person to the water-spaniel *thickly covered with hair*

Speed. Thou liest! I can.

Laun. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and saint Nicholas[14] be thy speed!

Speed. "Item, She can milk."

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "Item, She brews good ale."

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb, — Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. "Item, She can sew."

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. "Item, She can knit."

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.[15]

Speed. "Item, She can wash and scour."

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

[14] St. Nicholas had many weighty cares, but was best known as the patron-saint of scholars, in which office he is here invoked. He is said to have gained this honour by restoring to life three scholars, whom a wicked host had murdered while on their way to school. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, London, the scholars are required to attend divine service in the cathedral on the anniversary of St. Nicholas. The parish clerks of London, probably because scholars were called clerks, formed themselves into a guild, with this saint for their patron. In King Henry IV. *thieves* are called St. Nicholas' clerks; whether from the similarity of the names Nicholas and Old Nick, or from some similarity of conduct in thieves and scholars in the old days of learned beggary, doth not fully appear. St. Nicholas was also the patron-saint of Holland and Russia; and Mr. Verplanck says, "he has long been known in Holland and New York as the special friend of children."

[15] That is, stocking

Speed. "Item, She can spin."

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. "Item, She hath many nameless virtues."

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. "Here follow her vices."

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "Item, She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath."

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."[16]

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "Item, She is slow in words."

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. "Item, She is proud."

Laun. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "Item, She hath no teeth."

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. "Item, She is curst."

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite

Speed. "Item, She will often praise her liquor."

[16] A *sweet mouth* formerly meant a *sweet tooth*, and so was reckoned a vice: but Launce chooses to take it literally, that he may have something to offset the *sour breath*. H.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. "Item, She is too liberal."[17]

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit," —

Laun. More hair than wit, — it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt,[18] and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. — "and more faults than hairs," —

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. — "and more wealth than faults."

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —

Speed. What then?

[17] That is, free beyond the allowings of modesty. Thus in Othello Desdemona says of Iago: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?" *She will often praise her liquor;* — that is, by drinking of it. *Curst* is peevish, scolding. Thus in The Taming of The Shrew one of the persons calls Kate *a curst shrew.* H.

[18] The ancient English *saltcellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the dinner table, which was placed near the top, and those who sat below it were, for the most part, of inferior condition to those who sat above it.

Laun. — why, then will I tell thee, — that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most;
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched [1] in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. —
How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

[1] That is, *cut, carved;* from the Fr *trancher.*

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very [2] friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

[2] That is, *true;* from the Lat. *verus.* Massinger calls one of his plays "A *Very* Woman

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;[3]
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you,
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime,[4] to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty

[3] As you unwind her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. A *bottom* is the housewife's term for that upon which a ball of yarn or thread is wound. Thus in Grange's Garden:

> "A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
> My letters are become,
> Which, oft with winding off and on,
> Are wasted whole and some." H.

[4] That is, birdlime

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:[5]
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort:[6] to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump;[7] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.[8]

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort[9] some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it: I will pardon you.[10]

[*Exeunt.*

[5] That is, sincerity, such as is shown by impassioned writing. *Integrity* is here used in its original sense,— the sense of *entireness*, or *wholeheartedness*. H.

[6] The old copy has *consort*, which, according to Bullokar and Phillips, signified "a set or company of musicians." If we print *concert*, as Malone would have it, the relative pronoun *their* has no correspondent word.

[7] A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*.

[8] To *inherit* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for to *obtain possession of*. Milton in Comus has *disinherit* Chaos, meaning only to *dispossess it*.

[9] To sort, *to choose out*.

[10] That is, excuse your attendance on me. H

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest, between Milan and Verona

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper[1] man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

[1] A *proper* man was a comely, tall, or well-proportioned man

1 *Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?[2]

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I had been often miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[3]
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful[4] men:

[2] That is, do you speak various languages? H.

[3] Friar Tuck, the chaplain of Robin Hood's merry crew; that ancient specimen of clerical baldness and plumpness and jollity, who figures so largely in old ballads and in Ivanhoe,—of whom Drayton says:

"Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade." H.

[4] That is, men *full of awe*, or of respect for just authority. So in 2 Henry IV., Act iv. sc. 1: "We come within our *awful* banks again." No instance of a similar use of the word has been found

Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood,[5] I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; — for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality[6] much want; —

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our cave,

out of Shakespeare; for which cause some have set it down as a misprint for *lawful*. But the word, as it stands, sounds to us Shakespearian. H.

[5] *Mood* is anger or resentment.

[6] That is condition, profession, occupation.

And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Milan. Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[1]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

[1] *Sudden quips*, hasty, passionate reproaches.

Pro. Ay, Silvia, — for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA, *in boy's clothes*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! you are sadder than you were before:
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.[2]

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

[2] That is, beyond all reckoning. Accounts were formerly kept by cutting *nicks* or notches in a tally-stick. Thus in an old play, "A Woman Never Vexed," an innkeeper says: "I have carried the tallies at my girdle seven years together; for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*." It is but few years since these tallies were used in the English Exchequer; being laid aside, no doubt, because the accounts grew to be *out of all nick*. H

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.[3]

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THU. *and Musicians*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this, —
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, — by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

[3] This was probably one of the "holy wells" to which popular belief attributed supernatural virtues, and which were visited something as our fashionable watering-places are, but with how different feelings! The place of St. Winifred's well in Flintshire is called Holywell; but of course the ancient virtue has all been *enlightened* out of its waters. H.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber,
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; *and* SILVIA, *from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,[4] I was fast asleep.

[4] Several interpretations have been given of this word; but the one offered by Nares seems the most probable. He says it is

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.[5] [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,[1]
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[2] well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will

composed of *holy* and *dom*, like kingdom; thus meaning the same as *faith*. Another interpretation makes it refer to the Holy Dame, that is, the Virgin Mother. A third derives it from the Saxon *halig*, sacred, and *dome*, a house. H.

[5] The double superlative was often used in Shakespeare's time. It occurs frequently in the Liturgy of the "Reformed Catholic Church." H.

[1] *Impose* is *injunction, command;* a task set at college in consequence of a fault is still an *imposition*.

[2] That is, pitiful.

I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.'
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[4]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking[5] as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

[3] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands This will account for Silvia's having chosen Sir Eglamour as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her character.

[4] In Shakespeare's time *griefs* frequently signified grievances; and the present instance shows that in return *grievance* was sometimes used in the sense of *grief*.

[5] *To reck* is *to care for*. So in Hamlet: "And *recks* not his own read"

Sil. This evening coming.
Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him,—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,[1] and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep[2] himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a

[1] That the daughter of a duke should eat from a *trencher*, need not seem strange, since in the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. we find the following entry: "Item, payed to the sergeant of the pantry for certain trenchers for the king, 23s. 6d." H.

[2] That is, restrain.

pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out!" says the third; "Hang him up!" says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please:—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant! [*To* LAUNCE
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end[3] turns me to shame.
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

[3] *Still an end*, and *most an end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean *perpetually, generally*. See Gifford's Massinger, iv. 282.

"Now help, good heaven! 'tis such an uncouth thing
To be a widow out of Term-time! I
Do feel such aguish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
And shakings *still an end*." *The Ordinary*

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love:
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter: — that's her chamber. — Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good-will;
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be: good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,[4]
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,[5]
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning[6]
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

[4] Alluding, no doubt, to the custom thus noticed by Stubbs in his "Anatomie of Abuses," published in 1595: "When they" (the ladies) "use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look." H.

[5] That is, in *good* earnest, heartily. The word is met with occasionally in the old writers. Thus, in Tuberville's Lover, 1567:

"And in her arms the naked boy she strain'd,
Whereat the boy began to strive *a-good*:"

and in Drayton's Dowsabel 1593:

"But then the shepherd pip'd *a-good*,
That all his sheep forsook their food
To hear his melody." H.

[6] To *passion* was used as a verb formerly.

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth. —
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left! —
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her. —
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see: I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.[7]
Her eyes are grey as glass;[8] and so are mine:

[7] False hair was much worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time, it being then one of the "latest fashions," and induced by a general desire to have hair like the Queen's. In "Northward Hoe," 1607, is an allusion to it: "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of periwig-making. Let your wife set up in the Strand." The fashion is thus referred to in The Merchant of Venice:

> "So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The scull that bred them in the sepulchre." H.

[8] The *grey* eyes of the Poet's time were the same as the *blue*

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.[9]
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[10] in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd
And, were there sense in this idolatry,
My substance should be statue[11] in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour

eyes of ours. Glass was not colourless then as we have it, but of a light-blue tint. So that *eyes as grey as glass* were of the soft azure or cerulean, such as usually go with the auburn and yellow hair of Silvia and Julia. H.

[9] A high forehead was then accounted a feature eminently beautiful. Our author, in The Tempest, shows that low foreheads were in disesteem: "apes with foreheads *villainous low*."

[10] That is, "What he respects in her has equal relation to myself." H.

[11] The words *statue* and *picture* were often used indiscriminately. Thus Stowe, speaking of Elizabeth's funeral, says: "When they beheld her *statue* or *picture* lying upon the coffin, there was a general sighing." And in Massinger's "City Madam" Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters "may take leave of their late suitors' *statues*;" and Luke answers, "*There they hang.*" H.

That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should meet me
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the DUKE's Palace

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir! I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What! that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.[1]

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

[1] In all the old copies this speech is given to Proteus, and addressed to Thurio; which is evidently a mistake; for as Proteus is bantering and playing upon Thurio, to speak thus would defeat his own aim. Boswell suggested that it should be set down to Julia, and as spoken aside. This correction seems the more admissible, inasmuch as a similar one just below is generally admitted. H.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir! she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O! ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe[2] them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.[3]

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

[2] That is, possess them, *own them.*

[3] Thurio of course means his lands; but Proteus chooses to take him as referring to his mental endowments, which, he says are *out by lease,* that is, out of his keeping; so that he, lacking them, is a dunce. H.

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish [4] girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless [5] Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The Forest.

Enter SILVIA *and Outlaws.*

Out. Come, come; be patient: we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

[4] *Peevish* in ancient language signified *foolish.*
That is, careless, heedless.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record[1] my woes.
O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.

[1] To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. So in Drayton's Eclogues:—

"Fair Philomel, night-music of the spring,
Sweetly *records* her tuneful harmony."

They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here!
[*Steps aside*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [*Aside.*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O! miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O! heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender [2] to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore begone: solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!

[2] That is, as *dear*.

O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,[3]
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

[3] *Approv'd* is confirmed by proof

The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me. —
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest. —
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd: —
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.[4]

[4] This is a strange passage. Collier and Knight have tried hard, in different ways, to make it look reasonable; but there is an extravagance about it that will not yield to editorial skill. The best comment we have seen upon it is in "Tales from Shakespeare:" "Proteus expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia I give it up to you!'" Which shows what Charles Lamb and his sister, "two highly-gifted and simple-minded persons who had been reading Shakespeare together all their lives," regarded as the true sense of the text. Mr. Dyce, speaking of "this overstrained and too generous act of friendship," says: "Nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such 'a sudden flight of heroism:' but *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was evidently an early production of the great Poet; and in many a volume, popular during his youth, he had found similar instances of romantic generosity." This explanation seems much better than the ingenious efforts of Knight and Collier to bring the representation within the lines of nature and reason. How hard it is for them to get round the plain sense of the passage, may be seen in that Knight makes *all* refer to *wrath* in the second line above, construes *in* by *on account of*, and understands *give* in the sense of *give up* or *forego;* so that the meaning turns out to be: "All the wrath that was mine on account of Silvia I forego;" which convicts Julia of a gross

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Struggling with grief.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what is the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir! my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see: why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook: This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim[5] to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root![6]
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love.[7]

blunder in taking on so at what Valentine says. Collier's more plausible method is, to withdraw Valentine, so that he does not hear what passes between Proteus and Silvia just before, and so, from seeing her thus with his friend, he infers that she is unfaithful or indifferent towards himself. H.

[5] He who gave aim appears to have been called the *mark*, and was stationed near the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the butt.

[6] That is, of her heart: the allusion to archery is continued, and to *cleaving the pin* in shooting at the butts.

[7] That is, if it be a shame to wear a disguise in such a cause. R

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!
Val. Forbear: forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee.[8] Here she stands:

[8] "*Verona* shall not *hold* thee," is the reading of the only authentic copy. Theobald proposed the reading, "*Milan* shall not *behold* thee," which has been adopted by all subsequent editors but there is no authority for the change. If the reading be erroneous Shakespeare must be held accountable for this as well as some other errors in his early productions.

Take but possession of her with a touch; —
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means[9] for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions. —
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal[10] thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe, — Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd:
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,[11]
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

[9] "*To make such means* for her," to make such *interest* for, to take such disingenuous pains about her.

[10] That is, repeal the sentence of banishment. H

[11] That is, that I have been living with. H.

Come, let us go: we will include [12] all jars
With triumphs,[13] mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned. —
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

[12] *Include* is here used for *conclude*. This is another of Shakspeare's Latinisms.

[13] *Triumphs* are pageants, such as masks and shows.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, as we have it, was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies the third place in the list of Comedies. An imperfect and probably fraudulent edition, however, came out in 1602, and was reprinted in 1619. In this edition the play is but about half as long as in the authentic copy of 1623; the scenes following each other in the same order, except in one instance; and some prose parts being printed in the manner of verse. Much question has been made, whether the impression of 1602 were from a correct copy of an unfinished play, or from a report stolen at the theatre and mangled in the stealing.

Of course every reader of Shakespeare has heard the tradition that Queen Elizabeth, upon witnessing the performance of Henry IV., was so taken with Falstaff that she forthwith requested the Poet to represent him in the quality of a lover; in compliance with which request he wrote The Merry Wives of Windsor. Queen Elizabeth was indeed a great woman, and did some great things: but if it were certain that she was thus the occasion of this play, there are many who would not scruple to set it down as the best thing she had any agency in bringing to pass; and another many who might regard it as the best but one. If this be wrong, there is no help for it; for such, assuredly, will always be the case so long as men can "laugh and grow fat."

But there is much diversity of judgment touching the amount of credit due to this tradition. Mr. Collier says: "When traced to its source, it can be carried back no further than 1702: John Dennis in that year printed his 'Comical Gallant,' founded upon 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and in the dedication he states that 'the comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days.' Dennis gives

no authority for any part of this assertion: but because he knew Dryden, it is supposed to have come from him; and because Dryden was acquainted with Davenant, it has been conjectured that the latter communicated it to the former. We own that we place little or no reliance on the story, especially recollecting that Dennis had to make out a case in favour of his alterations, by showing that Shakespeare had composed the comedy in an incredibly short period, and consequently that it was capable of improvement."

All which is clever and spirited enough, but strikes us as a rather too summary disposing of the matter; the tradition not being incredible in itself, nor the immediate sources of it unentitled to confidence: for, granting that "Dennis had to make out a case in favour of his alterations," would he not be more likely to avail himself of something generally received, than to get up so questionable a fabrication? The date of his statement was but eighty-six years after the Poet's death;—a time when much traditionary matter, handed down from the reign of Elizabeth, was doubtless in circulation, that had not yet got into print: Dennis moved more or less in the literary circle of which Dryden was the centre; and that circle, however degenerate, was the lineal successor of the glorious constellation gathered about Shakespeare. It is considerable that Dennis gave no reason for the Queen's alleged request; which reason Rowe a few years later stated to be the pleasure she had from Falstaff in Heury IV.;—a difference of statemeut that rather goes to accredit the substance of the tradition, because it looks as if both drew from a common source, not one from the other; each using such and so much of the traditionary matter as would best serve his turn. Their account, or rather, perhaps, the general belief from which it was taken, was received by Pope, Theobald, and other contemporaries,—men who would not be very apt to let such a matter go unsifted, or help to give it currency unless they thought there was good ground for it.

"An excellent and pleasant conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor" was entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 18, 1602. The title-page of the edition which came out soon after reads thus: "A most pleasant and excellent conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor; intermixed with sundry variable and pleasing humours of Sir Hugh. the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender; with the swaggering vein of Ancient Pistol, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's servants; both before Her Majesty, and elsewhere." We may set it down, therefore, as tolerably certain that The Merry Wives of Windsor was performed before the Queen near the close of 1601, notwithstanding the opinion of

Chalmers, that "she was then in no mood for such fooleries." And probably one reason for getting up the piratical edition of 1602 was, that the play had been "divers times acted, both before Her Majesty and elsewhere." Now, that Queen Elizabeth was capable of appreciating the genius of Falstaff, will hardly be questioned; that she had been present at the performance of Henry IV., is quite probable, considering the great popularity of that play as evinced in that five editions of it were published between 1598 and 1613; that, having seen the irresistible Knight as there presented, she should desire to see more of him, was certainly natural enough: all which being granted, there appears nothing to hinder, either that she should request the Poet to continue the character through another play, or that he should hasten to comply with the request. Moreover, we learn from the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," that The Merry Wives of Windsor was acted before King James, in Nov. 1604. May we not justly conclude, then, that this was probably one of the plays referred to by Ben Jonson in his noble poem, "To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us?

> "Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
> To see thee in our waters yet appear;
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza and our James!"

So that, upon the whole, we can by no means bring ourselves to regard the forecited tradition with the contempt which Mr. Collier seems to think it deserves. The only part of it that much troubles us to digest, is that concerning the time wherein it makes the play to have been written: this, we confess, staggers us somewhat: yet, supposing it to be false, it does not greatly invalidate the substance of the tradition; and we are well assured that the play, as published in 1602, might well enough have been written by *Shakespeare* within the time alleged. The question, therefore, turns somewhat upon the point, whether that edition was from a correct copy of an imperfect and unfinished play, a sort of rough draught hastily gotten up for the occasion, or from a false and mutilated copy stolen from the actors' lips by incompetent reporters, to gratify the cupidity of unscrupulous publishers. This question we have not room to discuss; and, if we had, the long discussions, indulged in by former critics to little purpose, shut us up from all hope of being able ever to determine it. We may remark, however, there can be little doubt that the edition of 1602 was fraudulent and surreptitious; though this need not infer but that it may have been from a faithful copy fraudulently obtained for the press. Yet there are some things in it, such as the printing of prose so as to look like verse, which go to show that it was partly taken down as spoken, and partly made up from memory; the pirates ap-

parently having no ear to distinguish prose and verse, and so presuming it to be poetry, because written by a poet. That such frauds and piracies were practised with some of Shakespeare's plays, scarce admits of dispute. But, for aught appears, The Merry Wives of Windsor may have been at that time very imperfect and inferior to what it is now, and yet the first edition a stolen and mangled copy of the play as it then was. And, whether from a correct or from a mutilated transcript, that edition contains passages of which no traces are discoverable in the play as it now stands. Such is the following from the fifth act:

" *Sir Hugh.* Go you and see where brokers sleep,
And fox-ey'd serjeants, with their mace;
Go lay the proctors in the street,
And pinch the lousy serjeant's face:
Spare none of these when they're a-bed,
But such whose nose looks blue and red.
Quickly. Away, begone; his mind fulfil,
And look that none of you stand still:
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amiss."

There being no corresponding passage in the later edition strongly argues that the play, at least in this part, was entirely rewritten after the first copy was taken for the press; for men, whether purloining a manuscript or reporting it as spoken, would obviously be much more apt to omit or alter words and sentences, than to make additions or put in quite other matter. On the other hand, the authentic edition has some passages that can hardly be explained but upon the supposal that the play was revised, and those passages inserted, after the accession of James in the spring of 1603. Such is the odd reason Mrs. Page gives Mrs. Ford for declining to share the honour of Knighthood with Sir John: "These knights will *hack;* and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry:" which can scarce bear any other sense than as referring to the prodigality with which the King dispensed those honours in the first of his reign; Knighthood being thereby in a way to grow so *hackneyed* that it would rather be an honour not to have been dubbed. And, indeed, perhaps it may as well be noted here, that many of Shakespeare's plays apparently underwent so many revisals and improvements between the first sketching and the last finishing of them, that any allusions they may contain to the events of his time afford a very uncertain clew to the date of their original composition.

There remains a question of some interest as to the time when The Merry Wives was first written; whether before or after Henry IV.; for, if before, this at once upsets that part of the tradition which assigns the huge delight the Queen had at seeing

Falstaff in wit and war. as the cause of her requesting to see him in love. Knight and Halliwell, taking the edition of 1602 as a faithful, though perhaps surreptitious, copy of the play as then written, date "the original sketch" as far back as 1592 or 1593. In proof of this they urge what passes between Sir Hugh Evans, "mine Host de Jarterre," and Dr. Caius respecting "a duke de Jarmany;" because in 1592 a German duke actually did travel in England, with such special privileges and accommodations as are indicated in the play. Mr. Knight's argument runs thus: "Now, if we knew that a real German duke had visited Windsor, (a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth,) we should have the date of the comedy pretty exactly fixed. The circumstance would be one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience. We have before us a narrative, printed in the old German language, of the journey to England of the Duke of Wurtemburg in 1592; which narrative, drawn up by his secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and travelled under the name of "The Count Mombe liard."

From the resemblance of this name to Garmomble, an apparent anagram of Mumpelgart, which occurs in the copy of 1602, Mr. Knight justly infers the identity of the person. Yet the force of his reasoning is not altogether apparent, as it proceeds by a very uncertain measure between the date of an event alluded to and the date of the allusion itself. Surely, in proportion to the rareness of an occurrence and the sensation it caused, it would naturally be remembered and remarked upon afterwards: nor is it easy to see how so rare and remarkable a thing as Mr. Halliwell represents this to have been, was "a matter to be forgotten in 1601." Shakespeare's "local and temporary allusions," be it observed, were not merely for novelty and popularity, or used as ear-catchers to his audience; but for whatsoever matter he saw in them that could be made to serve the general purposes of art: and that the thing in question would not so soon be spoilt for his use, appears in the interest it has for us; and would have, even if we had never heard of any such event occurring in his time.

In further proof of his point Mr. Knight alleges several passages from the finished play, which are not found in the "original sketch," and which apparently refer to things occurring after the supposed date of that sketch. But all such arguments are at once nonsuited by the supposition, which, to say the least, is a probable one, that the edition of 1602 was not from a faithful transcript, however obtained, of an unfinished play, but from a copy fraudulently taken down and made up by unskilful reporters.

There appears no good reason, therefore, but that The Merry Wives of Windsor may have been written after Henry IV., the First Part of which was first published in 1598, and probably

written the year before: that it was written earlier than 1596 nobody pretends. And that The Merry Wives had not been heard of in 1598, is further probable from its not being mentioned by Meres in his Wit's Treasury, which came out that year; for, his purpose being to approve Shakespeare "the most excellent among the English in both" comedy and tragedy, it seems rather unlikely that he would have passed by so apt a document of comic power, had it been known.

A deal of perplexity has been gotten up as to the time of the action in this play; that is, in what period of his life Falstaff undertook the adventures at Windsor, whether before or after his exploits represented in Henry IV., or at some intermediate time: questions scarce worth the discussing or even the raising, but that it would hardly do to ignore a thing about which there has been so much ado. Much of this perplexity seems to have risen from confounding the order in which the several plays were made, with the order of the events described in them. Now, at the close of Henry IV. Falstaff and his companions are banished the neighbourhood of the Court, "till their conversations appear more wise and modest to the world;" and near the opening of Henry V., which follows hard upon the close of the former play, we have an account of Falstaff's death. And because The Merry Wives of Windsor was probably written after both those plays, therefore the Poet has been thought by some to have ventured upon the questionable experiment of bringing Sir John and two of his followers upon the stage after their death; just as though one could not write the latter part of a man's life, and tell the story of his last hours, and then go back and give the history of his boyhood and youth, without breaking the sacred peace of the grave. That the exploits at Windsor were before those at Gadshill, Eastcheap, and Shrewsbury, in the order of time, is shown by Mrs. Quickly's progress; who in the Merry Wives is a maiden and the housekeeper of Dr. Caius; but in the other plays she has become a wife, though still Quickly; then she dwells awhile in widowhood, until, the sweetness of her former marriage having taught her better than to live out of wedlock, "she taketh to herself another mate." And the same thing is further shown in Falstaff's fearing lest the noise of his shames should come to the ears of the Court; which fear could hardly be, but that he still have something there to lose: for he seems not to be aware how completely his genius in other exigencies will triumph over his failures in love-making. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the Poet, probably because the subject never occurred to him, or because he sometimes lost the historical order of things in an overmastering sense of art, did not in all cases take care to shun such anachronisms as criticism hath delighted to find in his plays. Perhaps it should be observed in this connection, that the two parts of Henry IV. cover a period of ten and a half years, from the battle of Homildon, Sept. 1402, to the

death of the King, March, 1413; in which time Falstaff doubtless had intervals of leisure for such adventures as those at Windsor. So that the action of the Comedy, supposing it were not before, might well enough have taken place some time during, the action of the History. And if the former seem too early a date for the mention of "the wild Prince and Poins;" it would be considered that the Poet represents the Prince as already noted for his loose and idle courses, his connection with the rioters of Eastcheap having begun even before his father reached the throne.

For the plot and matter of The Merry Wives, Shakespeare was apparently little indebted to any thing but his own invention. "The Two Lovers of Pisa," a tale borrowed from the novels of Straparola, and published in Tarlton's "Newes out of Purgatorie," 1590, is thought to have suggested some of the incidents; and the notion seems probable enough. In that Tale a young gallant falls in love with a jealous old doctor's wife, who is also young, and really encourages the unlawful passion. The gallant, not knowing the doctor, takes him for confidant and counsellor in the prosecution of his suit, and is thus thwarted in all his plans. The naughty wife conceals her lover first in a basket of feathers, then between the ceilings of a room, and again in a box of deeds and valuable papers. If the Poet had any other obligations, they have not been traced clearly enough to be worth the mentioning.

As a specimen of pure comedy, The Merry Wives of Windsor by general concession stands unrivalled; the play being not only replete with the most ludicrous situations and predicaments, but surpassingly rich both in quality and variety of comic characterization. To say nothing of Falstaff, who is an inexhaustible storehouse of laughter-moving preparations, there is comic matter enough in the other persons to keep the world in perpetual laughter. Though historically connected with the reign of Henry IV., the play is otherwise a delineation of the manners and humours of the Poet's time: in which view we need but compare it with Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, great as is the latter, to see "how much easier it was to vanquish the rest of Europe than to contend with Shakespeare."

The action of this play proceeds throughout by intrigue; meaning thereby such a complication of cross-purposes and conflicting aims, wherein the several persons strive to outwit and circumvent one another. And the stratagems all have the appropriate merit of causing a grateful surprise, and a perplexity that interests because it stops short of confusion; while the awkward and grotesque predicaments, into which the persons throw each other by their cross-plottings and counter-plottings, are often a source of exquisite diversion. The play finely illustrates, moreover, though in its own peculiar line, the general order and method of Shakespeare's art; the surrounding parts falling in with the central one, and the subordinate plots drawing, as by a hidden impulse, into harmony with the lead-

ing one: if Falstaff be doomed to repeated collapses from a hero into a butt, that others may laugh at him instead of with him, the Welch Parson and French Doctor are also defeated of their revenge, just as they are getting over the preliminary pains and vexations, and while pluming themselves with forthcoming honours are suddenly deplumed into "vlouting-stogs;" Page and his wife no sooner begin to exult in their success than they are taken down by the thrift of a counter-stratagem, and left to the double shame of ignobly failing in a disreputable undertaking; and Ford's jealousy is made to scourge him with the very whip he has twisted for the scourging of its object. Thus all the more prominent characters have to chew the ashes of disappointment in turn, their plans being thwarted, and themselves made ridiculous, just as they are on the point of grasping their several fruitions. But Falstaff is the only one of them that rises by falling and extracts grace out of his very disgraces. For in him the grotesque and ludicrous is evermore laughing and chuckling over itself: he makes comedies extempore out of his own shames and infirmities; and is himself the most delighted spectator of the side-shaking scenes where himself figures as chief actor.

This observation and enjoyment of the comical as exhibited in himself, which forms perhaps the leading characteristic of Sir John, and explains much in him that were else inexplicable, is here seen, however, labouring under something of an eclipse. The truth is, Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere; and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it,—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place: nor does it seem probable that the Poet would have exhibited him thus, but that he were moved thereto by somewhat else than the native promptings of his genius. For of love in any right or respectable sense Sir John is essentially incapable; and to represent him otherwise, had been to contradict, not carry out, his character. Shakespeare doubtless understood this; and, being thus reduced to the alternative of committing a gross breach of decorum or of making the hero unsuccessful, the moral sanity of his genius left him no choice. Accordingly Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practises as for what is practised upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by that he suffers than by that he does. So that the internal evidence of the play strongly favours the tradition of the Queen's requesting to see Falstaff in love; as such request affords the only clear solution of the Poet's representing one who was plainly a favourite with him in so unsuitable a quality. For, if we may believe Hazlitt, "wits and philosophers seldom shine in that character;" and, whether this be true or not, it is certain that "Sir John by no means comes off with flying colours."

But Falstaff, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is still so far him

self that "naught but himself can be his conqueror." If he be overmatched, it is not so much by the strength or skill of his antagonists, as from his being persuaded, seemingly against his will and for the pleasure of others, into a line of adventure where he is not qualified to thrive. His incomparable art of turning adversities into commodities; the good-humoured strategy whereby he manages to divert off all unpleasant feeling of his vices and frailties; the marvellous agility and aptness of wit which, with a vesture of odd and whimsical constructions, at once hides the offensive and discovers the comical features of his conduct; the same towering impudence and sublime effrontery, which so lift him aloft in his subsequent exploits; and the overpowering eloquence of exaggeration, with which he delights to set off and heighten whatsoever is most ludicrous in his own person or situation; — all these qualities, though not in their full bloom and vigour, are here to be seen in triumphant exercise.

Upon the whole, however, this bringing forth of Sir John more for exposure than for exhibition is not altogether grateful to those whom he has so often convulsed into health: though he still gives us wholesome shakings, we feel that it costs him too much: the rare exhilaration he affords us elsewhere, and even here, invests him with a sort of humorous reverence; insomuch that we can hardly help pitying even while we approve his merited, yet scarcely merited, shames and failures; and we would fain make out some excuse for him on the score of these slips' occurring earlier in his life, when experience had not yet disciplined away the natural vanity which may sometimes lead a man of genius to fancy himself the object of the tender passion. And in like manner we are apt to apologize for the Poet's exposure of his and our favourite, on the ground that, being to represent him in an enterprise where he could not deserve success, nor even work for it but by knavery, he was under a strong moral necessity of causing him not only to be thwarted, but to become the laughing-stock of those who thwart him, and, which is especially galling to one so wit-proud as Sir John, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." And we are the more disposed to leniency towards Falstaff amid his unparalleled swampings, forasmuch as his merry persecutors are but a sort of decorous, respectable, common-place people, who borrow their chief importance from the victim of their mischievous sport; and if they are not so bad as to make us wish him success, neither are they so good that we like to see them grow at his expense. But on this point Mr. Verplanck has spoken so aptly, that mere justice to the subject bids us quote him: "Our choler would rise, despite of us, against Cleopatra herself, should she presume to make a dupe and tool of regal old Jack, the natural lord and master of all about him; and, though not so atrociously immoral as to wish he had succeeded with the Windsor gypsies, we plead guilty to the minor turpitude of sympathy, when he tells

his persecutors, with brightening visage and exultant twinkle of eye, — 'I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.'"

A further account of this huge magazine of comedies must be deferred till we encounter him at the noon of his glory, stealing, drinking, lying, recruiting, warring, and discoursing of wine, wit, valour, and honour, with Prince Hal at his side to wrestle forth the prodigies of his big-teeming brain.

Sir John's followers are under the cloud with him, being little more than the shadows of what they appear when their master is fully himself: the light of Bardolph's nose is not well kindled yet; Pistol, ancient Pistol's tongue has not yet learned to strut with such potent impotence as it elsewhere waxes great withal. Quickly, however, is altogether herself as far as she goes, and she lets off some brilliancies that would not discredit her maturity in the more congenial atmosphere of Eastcheap; though of course we may not expect her to be the woman now that she will be when she has known Sir John "these twenty-nine years, come peascod time." Acting here in the capacity of a matchmaker and go-between, her perfect impartiality towards all of Anne Page's suitors, both in the service she renders and in the return she accepts, finely exemplifies the indefatigable benevolence of that class of worthies towards themselves, and is so true to the life of a certain perpetual sort of people, as almost to make one believe in the transmigration of souls. — "Mine Host of the Garter" is indeed a model of a host: up to any thing, and brimful of fun, so that it runs out at the ends of his fingers, nothing suits him so well as to uncork the wit-holders of his guests, unless, peradventure, it be to uncork his wine-holders for them. His exhilarating conceit of practical shrewdness, — "Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?" — which serves as oil to make the wheels of his mind run smooth and glib, is richly characteristic, both of himself individually and of the class he represents. — Sir Hugh Evans is an odd marriage of the ludicrous and the respectable. In his officious simplicity he moralizes the play much better, doubtless, than a wiser man could do it. The scene where, in expectation of the fight with the French doctor, he is full of "cholers," and "trempling of mind," and "melancholies," and has "a great dispositions to cry," and strikes up a lullaby to the palpitations of his heart without seeming to know it, while those palpitations in turn scatter his memory and discompose his singing, is replete with a quiet delicacy of humour, hardly to be surpassed. It is quite probable, as hath been said, that both he and Doctor Caius are delineations, slightly caricatured, of what the Poet had seen and conversed with; there being a portrait-like reality and effect about them, with just enough infusion of the ideal to lift them into the region of art.

Hazlitt boldly pronounces Shakespeare "the only writer who

was as great in describing weakness as strength." However this may be, we are pretty sure, that after Falstaff there is not a greater piece of work in the play than Master Abraham Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow Esquire, — a dainty sprout, or rather sapling, of provincial gentry, who, once seen, is never to be forgotten. In his consequential verdancy, his aristocratic official boobyism, and his lean-witted, lack-brain originality, this pithless hereditary squireling is altogether inimitable and irresistible; — a tall though slender specimen of most effective imbecility, whose manners and character must needs be all from within, because he lacks force of nature enough to shape or dress himself by any model. Mr. Hallam, whose judgment in such things is not often at fault, thinks Slender was intended as "a satire on the brilliant youth of the provinces," such as they were "before the introduction of newspapers and turnpike roads; awkward and boobyish among civi people, but at home in rude sports, and proud of exploits at which the town would laugh, yet perhaps with more courage and goodnature than the laughers."

Ford's jealousy is managed with great skill so as to help on the plot, bringing out a series of the richest incidents, and drawing the most savoury issues from the mellow, juicy old sinner upon whom he is practising. The means whereby he labours to justify his passion, spreading temptations and then concerting surprises, are quite as wicked as any thing Falstaff does, and have, besides, the further crime of exceeding meanness; but both their meanness and their wickedness are of the kind that rarely fail to be their own punishment. The way in which his passion is made to sting and ash him into reason, and the crafty discretion of his wife in glutting his disease and thereby making an opportunity to show him what sort of stuff it lives on, are admirable instances of the wisdom with which the Poet delights to underpin his most fantastical creations. The counter-plottings, also, of Page and his wife to sell their daughter against her better sense, are about as far from virtue as the worst purposes of Sir John; though their sins are of a more respectable kind than to expose them to ridicule. But we are the more willing to forget their unhandsome practices herein, because of their good-natured efforts at last to make Falstaff forget his sad miscarriages, and to compose whatsoever vexations and disquietudes still remain, in a well-crowned cup of social merriment. — Anne Page is but an average specimen of discreet, placid, innocent mediocrity, yet with a mind of her own, in whom we can feel no such interest as a rich father causes to be felt by those about her. In her and Fenton a slight dash of romance is given to the play; their love forming a barely audible undertone of poetry in the grand chorus of comicalities, as if on purpose that while the sides are shaken the heart may not be left altogether untouched.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, a country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
MR. FORD, } two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
MR. PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welch Parson.
DR. CAIUS, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } Followers of Falstaff.
NYM, }
ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.
RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. FORD.
MRS. PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.
MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I

SCENE I. Windsor. Before PAGE'S House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. SIR HUGH,[1] persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber[2] matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*[3]

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

[1] *Sir* was formerly applied to the inferior clergy as well as to knights. Fuller in his Church History says: "Such priests as have Sir before their Christian name were men not graduated in the university; being in orders, but not in degrees; while others, entitled 'masters,' had commenced in the arts." Besides Sir Hugh, Shakespeare has Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar, in As You Like It, Sir Topas in Twelfth Night, and Sir Nathaniel, the Curate, in Love's Labour's Lost. H.

[2] The old court of Star-Chamber had cognizance of such cases. Thus in Jonson's Magnetic Lady, Act iii. sc. 3: "There is a court above, of the Star-chamber, to punish routs and riots." H.

[3] *Coram* is a corruption of *quorum.* A justice of quorum was so called from the words in the commission, *Quorum A. unum esse volumus;* and as there could be no quorum, that is, nothing could be done, without him, of course he had greater dignity than the others. *Cust-alorum,* in the next line, is the sapient Shallow's abbreviation of *custos rotulorum,* keeper of the rolls or records Slender, not understanding this, adds, "and *ratolorum* too." Shallow's official attestation was, *Coram me, Roberto Shallow. armigero:* and his slender nephew, speaking by the book, puts the ablative, *armigero,* for the nominative, *armiger,* esquire. H.

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.[4]

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.[5]

[4] Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him;" an aristocratic way of speaking once common in England, and not wholly laid aside yet. Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though Shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror. We are indebted to Mr. Verplanck for this anecdote, and also for the information that Shallow's mode of speech, though common, is *characteristic* of him. H.

[5] This passage is exceedingly obscure, and perhaps no explanation can make it clear. Shallow is allowed on all hands to be a satire on Sir Thomas Lucy, the Poet's old Stratford enemy, whose coat-of-arms bore three *luces*, not a dozen, as stated by Slender; though one of the family had a coat marked in four divisions, with three luces in each. Luce is the old name for pike, of which there were two kinds, the fresh-water and the salt-water pike. The most probable explanation, then, seems to be this: In the first place Slender blunders, calling them *white* luces, *white* being apparently used to denote the fresh-water pike; and Shallow, proud of his ancestry and therefore scorning the white luce, the fresh fish, corrects this blunder by saying, "It is an *old* coat," inferring that, because it is old, therefore it has the salt-water fish, not the fresh. Then Sir Hugh makes a double blunder, giving a *white* luce to an *old* coat, and mistaking luce for *louse*, the "familiar beast to man." And finally Shallow blunders, mistaking Sir Hugh's "familiar beast" for the white luce

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat,[6] there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot: take your vizaments[7] in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.[8]

and proceeds to correct him by saying, "The luce" (that is, the louse) that you speak of "is the *fresh* fish," and so does not "become an *old* coat well," such as mine is: for "the *salt* fish is an old coat." H.

[6] To *quarter* meant, in heraldic language, to have armorial bearings as an appendage to hereditary arms; as a man, by marrying, may add his wife's titles, if she have any, to his own. Sir Hugh, who must still be talking, however ignorant he may be of the matter in question, goes on from blunder to blunder, mistaking coat-of-arms for coat, and the quartering of heraldry for the cutting of a thing into four parts. H.

[7] Advisement.

[8] To *speak small* means much the same as what old Lear so

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Slen.[9] Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

touchingly says over his dying Cordelia: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman." So also in Chaucer:

> "The company answered all,
> With voice sweet entuned, and so *small*,
> That methought it the sweetest melody." H.

[9] In the modern editions this and the following speeches of Slender are strangely taken away from him and given to Shallow. There being no apparent cause why they should not belong to the owner, we concur with Collier and Verplanck in restoring them as they are in the original. It seems to be a part of Slender's character, that his fancy begins to take fire as soon as he learns the girl is rich H.

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, preadventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd: — How doth good mistress Page? — and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsall.[10]

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not; — 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:[11] — 'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can

[10] The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were once quite famous for rural sports. Shallow in Henry IV. speaks of "Will Squele, a Cotswold man;" as if it were something of a distinction to be born there. Perhaps it was the Cotswold games that educated Will up into that remarkable company of which the Justice says, "You had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again." We learn from Warton that these games continued till "the grand Rebellion broke up every liberal establishment." H.

[11] *Fault* was anciently much used for *misfortune*. Shallow here very politely tries to arrest the unpleasant course of speech which Slender persists in taking. H

there be more said? he is good, and fair. — Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; — at a word, he hath; — believe me: — Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?[12]

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; — I have done all this: — That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts?[13] good cabbage! — Slender, I broke your head: What matter have you against me?

[12] Scott in Kenilworth suggests that this was part of the charge made against the Poet by Sir Thomas Lucy. *Council* and *counsel*, just below, are probably a quibble, the one meaning the Star-Chamber, the other being used in the sense of *secresy*. Sir Thomas seems to have gained nothing by his proceedings against the Poet but the honour of being "laughed at." H.

[13] Worts was the ancient term for all the cabbage kind.

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching[14] rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese![15]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?[16]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;*[17] slice! that s my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? — can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is — master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol, —

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

[14] A common name for cheats and sharpers in the time of Elizabeth.

[15] Said in allusion to the thin carcass of Slender. So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601: "Put off your clothes, and you are like a *Banbury Cheese*, nothing but paring."

[16] The name of a spirit, or familiar, in the old story book of Faustus: to whom there is another allusion Act ii. sc. 2. It was a cant phrase, probably for an ugly fellow.

[17] Few words.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,[18] that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latin bilbo:[19]
Word of denial in thy labras here;[20]
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's[21] humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

[18] Mill sixpences were used as counters; and King Edward's shillings used in the game of shuffle-board.

[19] Another allusion to Slender's slenderness. *Bilbo* is from *Bilboa*, in Spain, where fine swords were made: and *lattin* is a mixture of copper and calamine, made into thin plates. The word is used in the north of England for *tin*. H.

[20] "Word of denial in thy labras" is the same as, "the lie in thy teeth." *Labras* is a Pistolism for *lips*. H.

[21] That is, if you say I am a thief; the *nuthook* being used by thieves to hook things out of a window. *Marry trap* seems to have been a word of triumph upon seeing one caught in his own snare. H

Bard. And being fap,[22] sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the carieres.[23]

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine; Mrs.* FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: — Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHAL., SLEN., *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets[24] here: —

[22] *Fap* was a cant word of the time, meaning *fuddled.* H.

[23] *Cariere*, according to Baret, was "the short turning of a nimble horse, now this way, now that way." The application here is probably too deep for any body but Bardolph; unless it refer to the reeling of a drunken man, now this way, now that. Slender mistook Pistol's *lattin* for *Latin;* and he now thinks that Bardolph speaks the same language. H.

[24] Slender means a popular book of Shakespeare's time

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[25]

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: — Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your

"*Songes and Sonnettes,* written by the Earle of Surrey and others."

[25] This is an intended blunder. Theobald would in sober sadness have corrected it to Martlemas.

lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel[26] of the mouth: — Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, — I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content:[27] but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely: — His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

[26] That is, *part;* a law term, often used in conjunction with its synonyme.

[27] *Content* in the original, but generally altered to *contempt* in modern editions. But the change is needless, as Slender probably mistakes the word, and thence falls into a misapplication of the proverb.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne: — Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHAL. *and* EVANS.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow.[28] [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. — I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys[29] for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I

[28] It was formerly the custom in England for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants wherever they dined.

[29] *Master of fence* here signifies not merely a fencing-master but a person who had taken his master's degree in the science There were three degrees, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played with various weapons, in some open place or square. *Veney* means a *bout*, or a *come-on* from the French *venir*.

cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England: — You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson [30] loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd: [31] — But women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye,[32] you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

[30] The name of a bear exhibited at Paris Garden, in Southwark

[31] That is, passed all expression.

[32] This phrase occurs in several old plays, and once again in Shakespeare, 2 Henry IV., Act v. sc. 1; but its origin and import have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account seems to be, that it was a humorous oath, the *Cock* and *Magpie* being an ancient and favourite alehouse sign. Some think, however, that *cock* was a corruption of the sacred Name, and that *pye* referred to a table in the old Roman Offices, showing the service for the day. That the phrase was not so *understood*, may be gathered from "A Catechisme containing the Summe of Religiou," by George Giffard, 1583: "Men suppose that they do not offend when they do not swear falsely; and because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they swear by *small things* as *by cock and pye*, by the mousefoot, and many such like

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way:[1] and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet: — Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, *Host*, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook?[1] Speak scholarly, and wisely.

[1] That is, "ask which is the way to Doctor Caius' house. *Laundry*, a little after, is Sir Hugh's blunder for *laundress*. H.

[1] *Bully-rook* appears to be mine Host's cant term for a *sharper*

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar.[2] I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. Let me see thee froth, and lime: [3] I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit* BARD.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! [4] wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

[2] *Keisar* is an old form of Cæsar, the general word for an emperor; Kings and Keisars being a common phrase. The meaning of *Pheezar* is uncertain. Malone derives it from *pheeze*, to *whip*, or to *beat*, and so used in the Induction to The Taming of The Shrew. H.

[3] To froth beer and to lime sack were tapsters' tricks. Mr. Steevens says the first was done by putting soap in the bottom of the tankard; the other by mixing lime with the wine to make it sparkle in the glass.

[4] So in the folio of 1623. The common reading is *Gongarian*, taken from the quarto of 1602. *Hungarian* means a gipsy, and is equivalent to the *Bohemian* of Quentin Durward. Bishop Hall in his Satires has the pun, —

"So sharp and meagre that who should them see,
Would swear they lately came from Hungary;" —

which infers that *Hungarian* was used for a hungry, starved fellow. H

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox. his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minim's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico [5] for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,[6] she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her will out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath legions of angels.[7]

[5] *Fico* is a Pistolism for *fig*. H.

[6] It seems to have been a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman. So, in Vittoria Corombona: "Your husband is wondrous discontented. *Vit.* I did nothing to displease him; I *carved* to him at supper time."

[7] Gold coin.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads:[8] sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention,[9] that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater[10] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To* Rob.] Hold, sirrah; bear you these letters tightly:
Sail like my pinnace,[11] to these golden shores. —

[8] *Eyliads* are soft glances, or wanton looks. Cotgrave translates it, "to cast a sheep's eye." H.

[9] That is, intentness.

[10] The *escheators* were officers of the *exchequer*, and popularly called *cheaters*. H.

[11] A *pinnace* was a light vessel built for speed, and was also called a *brigantine*. Hence the word is used for a go-between In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, Justice Overdo says of the

Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts![12] for gourd and fullam[13] holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Tester[14] I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness;[15] for the revolt of mine is dangerous:[16] that is my true humour.

pig-woman, — "She has been before me, punk, *pinnace*, and bawd any time these two and twenty years."

[12] A burlesque on a passage in Marlowe's Tamburlaine:

"and now doth ghastly death
With greedy talents *gripe* my bleeding heart,
And like a harper tyers on my life."

[13] In Decker's Bellman of London, 1640, among the false dice are enumerated "a bale of fullams — a bale of gordes, with as many high men as low men for passage." The false dice were chiefly made at Fulham; hence the name.

[14] Sixpence I'll have in pocket.

[15] Jealousy.

[16] Evidently referring to his revolt from Falstaff, which is now his "true humour"

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, *and* Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! — I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing [1] of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal: and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: [2] his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish [3] that way: but nobody but has his fault; — but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.[4]

[1] *Old* is here intensive, much the same as *huge;* a common use of the word in the Poet's time. Thus we have *old* coil in Much Ado about Nothing. H.

[2] That is, breeder of debate, maker of strife.

[3] Foolish.

[4] It is said that Cain and Judas in old pictures and tapestry were constantly represented with yellow beards. In an age when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from these representations. The quartos read *kine-coloured,* that is, having the colour of cane

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,[5] as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.[6]

Quick. How say you? — O! I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master. [*Exit*

Quick. We shall all be shent:[7] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long. — What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! — Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: — [*Sings.*] "and down, down adown-a," &c.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.[8]

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier*

[5] A common phrase of the time for a man of valour or execution, something like the French *homme haut à la main.* Thus again in Twelfth Night: "As *tall a man* as any's in Illyria." It is one of the new phrases ridiculed by Mercutio, as being used by the "antic, lisping, affected fantasticos" of his age: "A very good blade, a very *tall man!*" H.

[6] The keeper of a warren.

[7] The original meaning of *shent* was *killed* or *ruined;* but it came to be used for *reviled,* or *abused* with rough language, in which sense it occurs several times in Shakespeare. H.

[8] It has been thought strange that Shakespeare should take the name of Caius for his Frenchman, as an eminent physician of tha

verd; a box, a green-a box: Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth: I'll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud Je m'en vais à la Cour, — la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *Dépêche,* quickly: — Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: — Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. [*Aside.*] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? — Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

name, founder of Caius College, Oxford, flourished in Elizabeth's reign. But Shakespeare was little acquainted with literary history, and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been some foreign quack. The character might however be drawn from the life, for in Jack Dover's Quest of Enquirie, 1604, a story called The Foole of Windsor turns upon a simple outlandish Doctor of Physic.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic: hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue! — Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: — Tarry you a littel-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy. — But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself; —

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late; — but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, (I would have no words of it,) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-

nape priest to meddle or make : — You may be gone ; it is not good you tarry here : — by gar, I vill cut all his two stones ; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas ! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat : — do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself ? — by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest ; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon : — By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well : we must give folks leave to prate : What, the good-jer ![9]

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me : — By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door : — Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that : never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do ; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho ?

Quick. Who's there, I trow ? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fen. How now, good woman ! how dost thou ?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news ? how does pretty mistress Anne ?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest,

[9] *The goujere ;* that is, *morbus Gallicus.* The good-jer and good yeare were common corruptions of this phrase.

and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you: — Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: — Good faith, it is such another Nan; — but, I detest,[10] an honest maid as ever broke bread: — We had an hour's talk of that wart. — I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! — But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you — Well, go to

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me —

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that I will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship. — Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit*

[10] She means, I *protest.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Before PAGE's House.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for, though love use reason for his precision,[1] he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this! — O wicked, wicked world! — one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath

[1] The meaning of this passage is at present obscure. Dr. Johnson conjectured, that Shakespeare wrote *physician*, which would make the sense obvious; and the conjecture is rendered probable by a line in one of his Sonnets: "My reason the *physician* to my love."

not been thrice in my company! — What should I say to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth: — heaven forgive me! — Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page! give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it? — dispense with trifles; — what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? — thou liest! — Sir Alice Ford! — These knights will hack;[2] and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:[3] here, read, read;

[2] This is supposed to be a covert reflection upon the prodigal distribution of the honour of knighthood by King James. "These knights will soon become so *hackneyed* that your honour will not be increased by becoming one."

[3] A proverb: we burn lamps by day-light; that is, we waste time. H.

— perceive how I might be knighted. — I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green sleeves." [4] What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. — Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! — To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion! Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll

[4] This popular old song, the words of which have not been discovered, appears from several contemporary allusions to have been decidedly smutty. The tune having been regenerated in the name of "Which nobody can deny," many ballads were afterwards set to it.

entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he never would have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness[5] of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail[6] dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

[5] That is, the caution which ought to attend on it.

[6] It was a prevalent notion that the tail of a dog was necessary to him in running: hence a dog that missed his game was called a *curtail*, from which cur is probably derived

Both young and old, one with another, Ford:
He loves the gally-mawfry;[7] Ford, perpend.[8]

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot:[9] Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir? —

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing. —
Away, sir corporal Nym. —
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To* PAGE.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true: — my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. — Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM.

Page. "The humour[10] of it," quoth'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

[7] A medley. [8] Consider.

[9] The *liver* was anciently supposed to be the seat of the amorous passions.

[10] The abuse of the word *humour* by the coxcombs of that age has been admirably satirized by Ben Jonson. After a very pertinent disquisition on the real meaning and true application of the word, he concludes thus:

Asp. But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-pil'd ruff

Ford. [*To himself.*] I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling affecting [11] rogue.

Ford. [*To himself.*] If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,[12] though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. [*To himself.*] 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs.* FORD.] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

> A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
> On his French garters, should affect a humour,
> O, it is more than most ridiculous!
> *Cor.* He speaks pure truth; now, if an idiot
> Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
> It is his *humour*.—
> Induction to Every Man Out of his Humour.

[11] That is, affected. The active participle was sometimes used for the passive; as in Winter's Tale, "your *discontenting* father," for your *discontented* father. H.

[12] That is, a Chinese; *Cataia*, or *Cathay*, being the name given to China by the old travellers, some of whom have mentioned the dexterous thieving of the people there: hence a sharper or thief was sometimes called a *Cataian*.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. — Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily — How now mine Host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman Cavalero-justice, I say!

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. — Good even and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welch priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

Shal. [*To* PAGE.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. — Will you go on, sirs?[13]

[13] "Will you goe An-heirs?" is the reading of the folio. *An-heirs* is unintelligible, but may have been a proper name understood at the time, like *Anaides* in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels But it is most likely a misprint, and scarce any two commentators are agreed as to the right word. Steevens proposes *on hearts*, Malone, *and hear us;* Boaden, *Cavaliers:* Knight adopts *on, heers;* Verplanck, *Mynheers.* The last three are certainly much in the style of mine Host; his fondness for using foreign words which he has picked up from his guests being all along apparent. Just below, the Host says, "Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?" which suggests that the true reading in this place may be, — "Will you go *on here?*" The reading in the text is Mr

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword,[14] I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. — I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host*, SHAL. *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's fidelity, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made[15] there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit*

SCENE II. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. —
I will retort the sum in equipage.[1]

Halliwell's; which we prefer, on the whole, as being the one that might most naturally be corrupted by a printer into that of the original. H.

[14] Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier.

[15] That is, what they *did* there. In Act iv. Sc. 2, of this play we have again, what *make* you here? for what *do* you here?

[1] *Equipage* appears to have been a cant term for stolen goods

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow[2] Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,[3] I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: — go. — A short knife and a throng; [4] — to your manor of Pickt-hatch,[5] go. — You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! — Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you,

[2] That is, he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you in all your knavery.

[3] Fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakespeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. Thus in the second Sestyad of Marlowe's Hero and Leander:

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."

[4] That is, go and *cut purses in a crowd.* Purses were then worn hanging at the girdle.

[5] *Pick't-hatch* was in Turnbull Street, Cow-Cross, Clerkenwell, a haunt of the worst part of both sexes. The unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the swash-bucklers of that age rendered a *hatch* or half door with spikes upon it a necessary defence to a brothel, and hence the term became a cant phrase to denote a part of the town noted for brothels.

rogue, will ensconce[6] your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths,[7] under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir; — I pray, come a little nearer this ways: — I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say, —

[6] *A sconce* is a fortification; *to ensconce* is therefore to protect as with a fort.

[7] *Red-lattice* windows were formerly the style of ale houses. Thus Falstaff's page in Henry IV. says of Bardolph, — "He called me even now, my lord, through a red-lattice." What *bold-beating oaths* may mean, the commentators have not told us. Mr. Dyce says, — "I have little doubt that Hanmer restored the genuine text when he printed, 'your red-lattice phrases and your *bull baiting* oaths.'"

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: — mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford; — what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford; — come, mistress Ford, —

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries[8] as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary: yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. — I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty: — and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;[9] but I warrant you, all is one with her.

[8] Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *quandaries*.

[9] That is, gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence Shakespeare, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, has selected the golden-coated cowslips to be *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: — master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold [10] life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; — and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed! — they have not

[10] *Frampold* here means *uneasy* or *vexatious*. This obsolete word is of uncertain etymology.

so little grace, I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:[11] her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word,[12] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. — This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers: — Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights:[13] Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the ex-

[11] *Of all loves* signifies no more than *by all means*. It is again used in Othello and in A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

[12] A *watchword*.

[13] *Fights* are the waist cloths which hang round about the ship to hinder men from being seen in fight; or any place wherein men may cover themselves, and ye. use their arms.

pense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.[14]

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in: [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*[15]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

[14] It seems to have been a common custom in taverns, in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance. In the Parliamentary History, we have the following passage from The Life of General Monk, by Dr. Price: "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

[15] *Via*, an Italian word, which Florio explains: — "An adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, dispatch.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you, — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith[16] you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to

[16] Since.

you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunties to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[17] authentic in your

[17] That is, admitted into all, or the greatest companies

place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O! understand my drift: She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came

in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: — yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd: I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. — Come to me soon at night: — Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; [18] thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold: — come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! — My heart is ready to crack with impatience. — Who says this is improvident jealousy? — My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? — See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be

[18] That is, *I will add more titles to those he already has.* The phrase is from the Herald's Office. Thus in Heywood's Golden Age: "I will create lords of a greater *style*;" and in Spenser's Faery Queen:

> "As to abandon that which doth contain
> Your honour's *style*, that is, your warlike shield." B.

abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! — Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,[19] well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol[20] cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ[21] bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy! — Eleven o'clock the hour: — I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit*

SCENE III. Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

[19] Reginald Scot, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, may be consulted concerning these demons. "*Amaimon*," he says, "was King of the East, and *Barbatos* a great countie or earle." But Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armory, informs us that "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; and that *Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and has thirty legions under him."

[20] A tame contented cuckold knowing himself to be one. From the Saxon *wittan*, to know

[21] Usquebaugh.

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir! I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,[1] to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt.[2] Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?[3] ha! is he dead, bully-Stale?[4] is he dead?

[1] The ancient term for making a thrust in fencing.

[2] Terms used in fencing; *punto, stock,* (stoccado,) *reverse,* (rèverso,) and *montánt,* being from the Italian. In Much Ado about Nothing, Beatrice calls Benedick Signior *Montanto.* H.

[3] *Heart of elder.* The joke is that elder has a heart of *pith*

[4] *Bully-Stale* and *king-Urinal* will be sufficiently obvious to those who recollect the prevalence of empirical water-doctors

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king-Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness dat me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice: — A word, monsieur Mock-water.[5]

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Castilian appears to have been generally used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Host avails himself of the poor doctor's ignorance of English phraseology in applying to him these high-sounding opprobrious epithets; he here means to call him *coward*.

[5] Probably some allusion to the doctor's medical practice. H

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman : — Scurvy jack-dog priest ! by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully, — But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

Host. He is there : see what humour he is in ; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields : will it do well ?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die : Sheath thy impatience ; throw cold water on thy choler : go about the fields with me through Frogmore ; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting ; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim ? [a] said I well ?

[a] The usual reading here is, *Cride-game, said I well ?* What is meant by *Cride-game*, and whether it be used as an epithet of Dr. Caius or of Anne Page, nobody can tell. Much learned ink has been shed on the question ; but to little purpose, save to show that the writers could not ascertain the right reading. We have adopted the one proposed by Mr. Dyce : *Cried I aim ?* that is, did I give you encouragement ? *said I well ?* This reading is

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Petty-ward, the Park-ward,[1] every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retiring.*

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! — I shall be glad, if he have deceived me. — How melancholies I am! — I will

supported by what Ford says afterwards: "To these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim.*" See Act iii. sc. 2 note 2. H.

[1] These were names of streets or places about Windsor Probably the Little Park was then sometimes called Petty. Thus a part of Cambridge is named Petty-cury, and in Westminster is a place known as Petty-France. H

knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork: — pless my soul! [*Sings*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals; —
Whenas I sat in Pabylon,[2] —
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow —

Sim. [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. —

To shallow rivers, to whose falls —

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

[2] In his "cholers and trempling of mind" Sir Hugh unconsciously runs parts of Psalms and ballads together. This line is from an old version of the 137th Psalm:

"Whenas wee sate in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
And in remembrance of Sion
The teares for griefe burst out."

The other lines are from the charming pastoral thus mentioned by Izaak Walton: "'Twas a handsome Milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smoothe song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the Milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." Both songs may be found at the end of the play. — The humour of these musical snatches, broken and disordered as they are by the anger and fear of the pugnacious parson, is most rare and exquisite.

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates

and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: — Keep them asunder: — here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. — I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! — Jack Rugby, — mine Host *de Jarterre,* have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent!

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. — Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so: — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. — Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn. — Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host: — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL., SLEN., PAGE, *and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot[3] of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,[4] scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart: He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles: — Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

[3] Fool: from the French.

[4] That is, *scall'd-head*, a term of reproach. Chaucer imprecates on the scrivener who miswrites his verse:

"Under thy long locks mayest thou have the *scalle*."

SCENE II. A Street in Windsor

Enter Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! — Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir; — I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes?

hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile,[1] as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.[2] [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search where I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Host*, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

[1] The use of the singular for the plural, especially in statements of time and distance, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time Thus in The Tempest Prospero says,—"Twelve *year* since, Miranda, twelve year since, thy father was the duke of Milan." H.

[2] To *cry aim*, in archery, was *to encourage* the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot. Hence it came to be used for to applaud or encourage, in a general sense. It seems tha the spectators in general cried *aim* occasionally, as a mere word of encouragement or applause. Thus, in K. John, Act ii. se. 1:

> "It ill beseems this presence to *cry aim*
> To these ill-tuned repetitions."

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you: — but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me. my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,[3] he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;[4] he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:[5] he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth

[3] To speak out of the common style. Thus in Holspur's account of the dandy lord: "With many *holiday* and lady terms he questioned me." *He smells April and May;* that is, smells *of* them. H.

[4] This is generally thought an allusion to the custom among rustic lovers of carrying the flowers, called bachelor's buttons, in their pockets, to try whether they will grow there; the growing being held as a pledge of success in their loves. We are told, however, that a similar phrase, — "It does not lie in your breeches," — means, It is not within *your compass*, that is, your power. So that the phrase, *'tis in his buttons*, would mean, *he's the man to do it;* a sense which the context plainly warrants, if not requires. H.

[5] That is, fortune or possessions. So, in Twelfth Night:

"My *having* is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer."

I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. — Master doctor, you shall go: — so shall you, master Page; — and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: — We shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHAL. *and* SLEN.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit Host.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine [6] first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant: — What, Robin, I say

Enter Servants with a large basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

[6] *Canary* is the name of a dance as well as of a wine. *Pipe-wine* is wine not from the bottle but the pipe or cask. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine and a musical instrument. — "I'll give him *pipe* wine, which will make him *dance*."

Mrs. Page Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and, when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters [1] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? [2] what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent,[3] have you been true to us?

[1] Bleachers of linen.

[2] The *musket* is a small sparrow-hawk; *eyas* a general name for a young unfledged hawk of any kind. Thus in Spenser, Faery Queen, Book I. Can. xi. stan. 34:

> "As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
> Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
> And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
> Like *eyas hawke* up mounts unto the skies,
> His newly-budded pineons to assay."

And again in his Hymn of Heavenly Love:

> "Ere flitting Time could wag his *eyas wings*
> About that mightie bound which doth embrace
> The rolling spheres." H.

[3] A puppet that used to be thrown at in Lent. So, in Jonson's

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. — I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so: — Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.[4]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?[5] Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I

Tale of a Tub: "On an Ash-Wednesday, where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent, for boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee." And so, in Quarles:

"How like a Jack-a-Lent
He stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws,
Or like a puppet made to frighten crows." H

[4] That is, honest women from *loose ones*. The word *Putta* in Italian signifies both a *jay* and a loose woman. So, in Cymbeline: "some *jay* of Italy whose mother was her painting."

[5] The second song in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella begins thus

"Have I caught my heavenly jewel
Teaching sleep most fair to be?" H

would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another! I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.[6]

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend:[7] Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time;[8] I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

[6] That is, any fanciful head-dress worn by the celebrated beauties of Venice, or approved by them. In how much request the Venetian *tire* or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1624: "Let her have the Spanish gait, the *Venetian tire*, Italian compliments and endowments." The *ship-tire* was probably a flaunting head-dress, with ribands flying like streamers.

[7] That is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature *being* thy friend." *Fortune my foe* was the beginning of a popular old ballad, wherein were sung the evils that fall upon men through the caprice of Fortune. H.

[8] *Simples*, that is, herbs, were sold at the many apothecary

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir: I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate;[9] which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep that in mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.[10]

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. — [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford! what have you done? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

shops in Bucklersbury; thus in *simple-time* filling the air with the fragrance of rosemary and lavender. H.

[9] The name of this prison was a frequent subject of jocularity with our ancestors. Thus Baret in his Alvearie, 1573: "We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter* or such like places of prison: He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say: I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare; meaning imprisonment."

[10] The spaces left between the walls and wooden frames on which the tapestry was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors, than to the authors of ancient dramatic pieces.

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? — Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? — There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand, "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. — O, how have you deceiv'd me! — Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time,[11] send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

[11] Bleaching time.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't; let me see't! O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in: — follow your friend's counsel: — I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never —

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford. — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit* ROBIN: *Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? [12] look, how you drumble: [13] carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me

[12] A staff used for carrying a *cowl* or tub with two handles to fetch water in. "*Bicollo*, a *cowle-staffe* to carie behind and before with, as they use in Italy to carie two buckets at once." — *Florio's Dictionary*, 1598.

[13] To *drumble* and *drone* meant *to move sluggishly*. To *drumble*, in Devonshire, means to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice. A *drumble* drone, in the western dialect, signifies a drone or humble-bee. That master genius of modern times, who knows so skilfully how to adapt his language to the characters and manners of the age in which his fable is laid, has adopted this word in The Fortunes of Nigel, vol. ii. p. 298: "Why how she *drumbles!* — I warrant she stops to take a sip on the road."

be your jest; I deserve it. — How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox: — Let me stop this way first: — So, now uncape.[14]

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* Evans, Page, *and* Caius.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd what[15] was in the basket!

[14] To *uncape* a fox seems, in the old language of the chase, to have meant, to *unearth* a fox. H.

[15] The old copies read, "*who* was in the basket?" which is clearly a mistake, as Ford evidently did not suspect a person to

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

be there. In the account Falstaff gives Brook of his buck-basket experiences he says: "The jealous knave ask'd them once or twice *what* was in the basket." As no such question occurs in this scene, we must suppose that Ford said some things which the poet did not see fit to report.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not asham'd? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—Come, mistress Page: I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
Anne. May be, he tells you true.
Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth [1]
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:

[1] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latimer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion." At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand.

If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then, — Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't:[2] Slid! 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice. [*Aside.*] O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne; — my uncle can tell you good jests of him. — Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,[3] under the degree of a 'squire.

[2] A *shaft* was a long arrow, and a *bolt* a thick short one. The proverb probably means, "I'll make something or other of it. — I will do it by some means or other."

[3] The sense is obviously, "Come who will to contend with

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed: I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole![4] They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender! — Love him, daughter Anne. —
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

me, under the degree of a squire." *Cut and long-tail* means all kinds of curtail dogs, and sporting dogs, and all others. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in writers of the period; every kind of dog being comprehended under *cut and long-tail*, every rank of people in the expression when metaphorically used.

[4] This is a proverbial expression of frequent occurrence. The apparent signification here is: "Happiness be his portion who succeeds best," but the general meaning of the phrase may be interpreted: "Let his portion or lot be happy man." *Dole* is the past participle and past tense of the Anglo-Saxon verb *Dælan*, to deal, to divide, to distribute.

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not: I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.[5]

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy.
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

[5] Thus in Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now: — Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master Fenton. — This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once [6] to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit*

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind

[6] That is, *sometime* to-night.

bitch's puppies,[1] fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow, — a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave. I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices:[2] Go brew me a posset of sack finely.

Bar. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. — [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] — How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I

[1] So in all the old copies, meaning, of course, *a bitch's blind puppies.* Falstaff was not in a state of mind to stand upon the niceties of grammar, and so he left his errors to be corrected by modern editors; who, accordingly, have given what he meant, not what he said.

[2] Cups.

was thrown into the ford; I have my belly fully of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir? [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O! here be comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, master Brook! you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continua 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction,[3] they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave

[3] M. Mason proposes to read *direction*, but perhaps the change is not necessary.

would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with[4] a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo[5] in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: Think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, — hissing hot, — think of that, master Brook!

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit then is desperate: you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of

[4] *With, by,* and *of,* were used indiscriminately with much license by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have: "I sooner would suspect the sun *with* cold." *Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected, impeached.* Cavendish, in his Visions, has this very phrase: "What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory to heare our names *with* vile fame *so detected.*" *Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered,* but *suspected by* the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with.*

[5] A Bilbo is a Spanish blade remarkable for its temper and flexibility. The best were made at Bilboa, a town in Biscay.

meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address[6] me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets! — Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me; I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently

[6] Make myself ready

but truly, he is very courageous [1] mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is get the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William: hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns!

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

[1] Outrageous

Eva. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined: *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;* pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hunc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child *Accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O — *vocativo,* O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo,* — *horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! — never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum.— fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the

genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod;* if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches.[2] Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag[3] memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* HUGH.] Get you home, boy. — Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious[1] in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

[2] Breeched, that is, flogged.

[3] Quick, alert. The word is *sprack.*

[1] So, in Hamlet: "To do *obsequious* sorrow." The epithet *obsequious* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which *obsequies* are performed.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweatheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. — [*Softly.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. [*Loudly.*] Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[2] again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!"[3] that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

[2] That is, lunacy, frenzy.

[3] Shakespeare refers to a sport of children, who thus call on a snail to push forth his horns:

"Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal"

Mrs Ford. I am undone! — the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols,[4] that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make[5] you here?

Fal. What shall I do? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract[6] for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd, —

[4] This is one of Shakespeare's anchronisms: he has also introduced pistols in Pericles, in the reign of Antiochus, two hundred years before Christ.

[5] This phrase has been already noticed. It occurs again in As You Like It, in the sense of *do*: "Now, sir, what *make* you here?" It also occurs in Hamlet, Othello, and Love's Labour's Lost.

[6] That is, a list an inventory, or short note of.

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat,[7] and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick: we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did the last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.[8]

[7] A hat composed of the weaver's tufts, or *thrums*, or of very coarse cloth. A *muffler* was a part of female attire which only covered the lower part of the face.

[8] This old witch, Jyl or Gillian of Brentford, seems to have been

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, "Still swine eat all the draff."
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. FORD *with two Servants.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: Quickly; despatch.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up. [*Exit.*

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.[9]

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? — Set down the basket, villain: — Somebody call my wife: — Youth in a basket! — O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,[10] a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife,

a character well known in popular story at the time. "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" was printed by Copland long before, and Laneham enumerates it as in the collection of Captain Cox, the mason, now well known to all, from the mention of him in the romance of Kenilworth.

[9] Modern editions benumb this passage by putting in a *the* before *knight*. H.

[10] Gang.

I say! come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes![11] Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir. — Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out. — Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

[11] Surpasses, or goes beyond all bounds

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman."[12] Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa! mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery[13] as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you hag you! come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband: — Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

[12] Lover. [13] Falsehood, imposition

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon![14] out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: If I cry out thus upon no trail,[15] never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, SHAL., *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,[16] he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

[14] Means much the same as *scall* or *scab*, from *rogneuse*, FR.

[15] Expressions taken from the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. To *cry out* is to *open*, or *bark*.

[16] This is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's lega'

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period[17] to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other

knowledge. Ritson remarks upon the passage: "Fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the *strongest* assurance known to English law." So that the passage means, "If Falstaff be not, to all intents and purposes, the devil's chattel," &c. Commentators have wondered how Mrs. Page came to know so much of legal terms: But is it not equally strange that Shakespeare's average characters, in their ordinary talk, should speak greater poetry than any other poet has written? Surely much of his art lies in putting his own intellectuality into his characters without marring their individuality. H.

[17] That is, no end to the jest: we shall have to keep it up in other forms, until it wind up in a public shame. H.

guests: they must come off;[18] I'll sauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,[1]
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he'll never come.

Eva. You see, he has been thrown into the rivers;

[18] To *come off* is to *pay*, to *come down* (as we now say) with a sum of money. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old plays

[1] The reading in the text is Mr. Rowe's. The old copies read "I rather will suspect the sun with *gold*"

and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes [2] the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld [3]
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak: [4]
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device:

To *take* signifies to *seize* or *strike with a disease*, to *blast*. So, in Lear, Act ii. sc. 4: "Strike her young bones, ye *taking* airs, with lameness." And in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 1: "No planets strike, no fairy *takes*, no witch has power to charm." "Of a horse that is *taken*. A horse that is bereft of his feeling, moving, or stirring, is said to be *taken*, and in sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease: yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken* to be stricken by some planet, or evil spirit, which is false." — *Markham on Horses*, 1595.

[3] Old age.

[4] The tree which was by tradition shown as Herne's oak, being totally decayed, was cut down by order of George III in 1795.

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes,[5] and fairies, green and white
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song:[6] upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch[7] the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel.
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.
Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,[8]
And burn him with their tapers.
Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

[5] Elves, hobgoblins.
[6] That is, some wild, irregular, fairy-like song. H.
[7] *To-pinch:* *to* has here an augmentative sense, like *be* has since had: *all* was generally prefixed. Spenser has all *to-torn*, all *to-rent* &c., and Milton in Comus all *to-ruffled*.
[8] *Sound*, for *soundly*, the adjective used as an adverb

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours, and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy; — [*Aside.*] and in that tire
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*To them.*] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook;
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,[9]
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs.* FORD.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And him my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her

[*Exit*

[9] *Properties* are little incidental necessaries to a theatre: *tricking* is dress or ornament.

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed:[1] 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call: he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian[2] unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I'll call. — Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine Host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

[1] The usual furniture of chambers, at that time, was a *standing-bed*, under which was a *trochle*, *truckle*, or *running* bed: from *trochlea*, a low wheel or castor. In the standing bed lay the master, in the truckle the servant.

[2] That is, a cannibal: mine Host uses these fustian words to astonish Simple

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman[3] of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell:[4] What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal[5] them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike;[6] who more bold?

[3] Scott in his Discovery of Witchcraft says: "At this day it is indifferent in the English tongue to say, She is a *witch*, or, She is a *wise-woman*." H.

[4] He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open.

[5] The "muscle-shell" means *reveal*. H.

[6] The force of tike as here used may be seen in Burns's tale

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly,[7] thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.[8]

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: Do not say, they be fled: Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

of The Twa Dogs; one of which was a dog "o' high degree, whose

"locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;"

the other was "a ploughman's collie:" —

'He was a gash an' faithfu' *tyke*
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, braws'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place."

The word is still used thus in Yorkshire and Scotland. H.

[7] That is, scholar-like.

[8] Dr. Faustus was a German necromancer, made popular by the story of his life and acts, and by Marlowe's play. H.

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me, there is three cousin germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and it is not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host *de Jarterre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparations for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go. — Assist me, knight; I am undone. — Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero.*[9] Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

[9] *Primero* was the fashionable *game at cards* in Shakespeare's time.

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and Host.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both; — wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the letter*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; [1] in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. — Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: — her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)

[1] In the letter.

That quaint[2] in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head:
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, — that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; — go. — I'll hold:[1] This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. — Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

[2] *Qraint*, here, may mean *neatly*, or *elegantly*, which were ancient acceptations of the word, and not *fantastically*: but either sense will suit.

[1] Keep to the time.

Fal. Away I say; time wears: hold up your head and mince.[2] [*Exit Mrs.* QUICKLY

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you: — He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle.[3] I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese,[4] play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. — Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.

[*Exeunt*

[2] That is, *walk: to mince* signified to walk with affected delicacy.

[3] An allusion to the Book of Job, c. vii. v. 6. "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle*."

[4] To strip a living goose of its feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity

SCENE II. Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. — Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word [1] how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry "mum;" she cries "budget;" and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your "mum," or her "budget;" the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil,[2] and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marry

[1] Watchword.

[2] Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.

ing my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts: Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns:—O powerful love. that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in

some other, a man a beast. — You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: — O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! — A fault done first in the form of a beast; — O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault. — When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?[1] Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? — Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes, let there come a tempest of provocation,[2] I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck,[3] each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the

[1] This is technical. "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance. — The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace, they are then in so vehement heat." — *Turberville's Book of Hunting*, 1575.

[2] The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. It was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing-comfits were principally made of these and eringo roots, and were perfumed to make the breath sweet. Gerarde attributes the same virtues to the common potato, which he distinguishes as the Virginian sort.

[3] That is, according to Theobald, a buck sent as a bribe. The original has brib'd buck; and *bribe* anciently meant *steal*. So that a brib'd buck is a stolen buck. H.

fellow[4] of this walk, and my horns I bequeath you husbands. Am I a woodman?[5] ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? — Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! What noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a satyr; Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You ouphen-heirs[6] of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.[7] ——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

[4] The *keeper*. The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

[5] The *woodman* was an attendant on the forester. It is here however used in a wanton sense, for one who chooses female game for the object of his pursuit. Thus, in Measure for Measure, Lucio says, "The Duke is a better woodman than thou takest him for."

[6] The old copy reads *orphan*-heirs. Warburton reads *ouphen*, and not without plausibility; *ouphes* being mentioned before and afterward. Malone thinks it means mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies; *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself. — *Singer.*

We cannot help thinking that *ouphen* is the true word; the meaning being, "fairy children, who execute the decrees of destiny." H

[7] Profession.

Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys when thou'st leapt,
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.[8]

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's Bead? — Go you, and where you find a maid,

[8] This office of the ancient fairies appears to have been quite a favourite theme with poets. Thus in Drayton's Nymphidia:

"These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping."

So also in an old ballad entitled The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow, sometimes attributed to Ben Jonson:

"When house and harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view."

And again in the ancient song of the Fairy Queen:

"And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.
But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe."

It were a curious inquiry, what this superstition had to do, as cause or effect, with the well-known cleanliness of the English people. H.

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,[9]
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about!
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:[10]
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.[11]
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

[9] That is, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision, *though* she sleep as soundly as an infant.

[10] It was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits.

[11] *Charactery* is a writing by characters, or by strange marks

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle earth.[12]

Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welch fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd[13] even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial! come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire!
[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time[14]

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!

[12] The globe was often called "middle earth." H.

[13] By *o'erlooked* is here meant *bewitched* by an evil eye. This use of the word sprung from the popular belief, that the eyes of fairies and witches were full of spells and enchantments. See note on the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. sc. 2: "Beshrew your eyes, they have *o'erlooked* me." H.

[14] After this line Malone and others add the following from the quartos:

"*Eva.* It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity."

It is to be observed, that in this interlude the speakers, except Falstaff, do not appear in their own characters: they are acting parts; and surely Sir Hugh would not speak any thing that was not put down for him. It is true, Falstaff a little before speaks of "that Welch fairy;" but he does this from the Welchman's accent not from his saying any thing that is not in his part. H

Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out

[*During this song, the fairies pinch* FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*]

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher: —
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes [15]
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? — Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money,

[15] The extremities of *yokes* for oxen, as still used in several counties of England, bend upwards, and, rising very high, in shape resemble *horns*.

which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[16] 'Tis time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?

[16] That is, a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth.

This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What! a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel:[17] Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:[18] use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.[19]

[17] The very word *flannel* is derived from a Welch one, and it is almost unnecessary to add that it was originally the manufacture of Wales.

[18] Ignorance itself weighs me down, and oppresses me.

[19] After this speech the following is usually added from the quartos:

"*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last."

Those who have taken this from the quartos have not told us why they left out some other matter that is equally there. H.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo! ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatch'd?

Slen. Despatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir; and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.[20]

[20] Here, again, we commonly have the following thrust in from the quartos:

"*Eva.* Jeshu! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?"

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress! how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze[21] her: Hear the truth of it
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,

[21] Confound her by your questions.

Of disobedience, or unduteous guile;
Since therein she doth evitate [22] and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy. —
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.[23]

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: — master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so: — Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word,
For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*

[22] Avoid.

[23] Here, too, we commonly have a line added from the quartos "*Eva.* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding."

It is questionable whether these passages, evidently either not written by the Poet, or else thrown out in the revisal, ought to have a place even in the notes. H.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

REFERRED TO IN THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, ACT III SC. I.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills and field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

INTRODUCTION

TO

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

Twelfth Night, or What You Will, originally appeared in the folio of 1623, being the thirteenth in the list of Comedies. We keep to the order of the Chiswick edition, not so much because of any reason for it, as because we can discover no good reason for departing from it. The arrangement of the first edition seems preferable, simply as being the first; but the change, though made capriciously, may as well stand, till something better than caprice plead for restoration.

In default of positive information, Twelfth Night was for a long time set down as among the last-written of our author's plays. This opinion was based upon such slight indications gathered from the work itself, as could have no weight but in the absence of other proofs. For example, the word *undertaker* occurs in the play; therefore Tyrwhitt dated the writing of it in 1614, because the term was that year applied to certain men who *undertook* to carry matters in Parliament according to the King's liking; their arts and methods probably being much the same as are used by the lobby members of American legislatures: from which Mr. Verplanck very naturally infers that some of the Anglo-Saxon blood still runs in the veins of our republic. Chalmers, however, supposing that reference was had to the *undertakers* for colonizing Ulster in 1613, assigned the play to that year; and was confirmed therein by the Poet's use of the term Sophy, because the same year Sir Anthony Shirley published his Travels, wherein something was said about the Sophy of Persia. Perhaps it did not occur to either of these men that Shakespeare might have taken up the former word from its general use and meaning, not from any special applications of it; these being apt to infer that it was already understood. Malone at first fixed upon 1614, but afterwards changed it to 1607, because the play contains the expression, "westward hoe!" and Dekker's comedy entitled Westward-Hoe came out

that year; thus assuming that the play gave currency to the phrase, instead of being so named because the phrase was already common. Several other arguments of like sort were urged in favour of this or that date, — arguments for which the best apology is, that the authors had nothing better to build conjecture upon.

All these inferences have been set aside, and their weakness shown, by a recent discovery. In 1828 Mr. Collier, while delving in the "musty records of antiquity" stored away in the Museum, — a work not more toilsome to him than gratifying to us, — met with the following memorandum in a Diary preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts:

"Feb. 2, 1602. At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will*, much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widow was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter, as from his lady, in general terms telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, his apparel, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad."

The authorship of the Diary containing this precious item was unknown to Mr. Collier, till the Rev. Joseph Hunter ascertained it to be the work of John Manningham, a barrister who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597. The occasion of the performance thus noted down by Manningham was the feast of the Purification, anciently called Candlemas; — an important link in the course of festivities that used to continue from Christmas to Shrovetide. It would seem that the benchers and members of the several Inns were wont to enrich their convivialities with a course of wit and poetry. And the glorious old Temple is yet standing, where one of Shakespeare's sweetest plays was enjoyed by his contemporaries, at a time when this annual jubilee had rendered their minds congenial and apt, and when Christians have so much cause to be happy and gentle and kind, and therefore to cherish the convivial delectations whence kindness and happiness naturally grow. It scarce need be said that a new grace is added to that ancient and venerable structure by this relic of John Manningham, whom a few strokes of the pen have rendered immortal so long after all other memorials of him had been swept away.

Twelfth Night, therefore, was unquestionably written before 1602. That it was not written before 1598, is probable from its not being spoken of in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, which came out that year. This probability is heightened almost to certainty by what Maria says of Malvolio in his ludicrous beatitude: "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies;" which is evidently an allusion to some contemporary matter, and was so regarded before the date of any such multilineal map was known. It is now ascertained

that an English version of Linschoten's Discourse of Voyages, containing a map exactly answering to Maria's description, was published in 1598. The allusion can hardly be to any thing else; and the words *new map* would seem to infer that the passage was written not long after the appearance of the map in question. Dr. Ulrici and other German critics, thinking Twelfth Night to be glanced at in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of His Humour, which was first acted in 1599, of course conclude the former play to have been made before that date. But we can discover nothing in Jonson's play, that may be fairly construed as an allusion to Twelfth Night.

On the other hand, there is good reason for thinking that the play was not made before 1600. For on the 22d of June that year the Privy Council issued an order laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. After prescribing "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays; of the which houses, one shall be in Surrey, in the place commonly called *The Bankside*, or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex;" the order runs thus: "Forasmuch as these stage plays, by the multitude of houses and company of players, have been so frequent, not serving for recreation, but inviting and calling the people daily from their trade and work to misspend their time; it is likewise ordered, that the two several companies of players, assigned unto the two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a week, and no oftener: and especially they shall refrain to play on the Sabbath day, upon pain of imprisonment and further penalty. And they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness, or infection of disease, shall appear to be in or about the city." This paper was directed to the Lord Mayor and the Justices of Middlesex and Surrey, "strictly charging them to see to the execution of the same;" and it is plain, that if rigidly enforced it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses, as the expenses of such establishments could hardly have been met, in the face of so great drawbacks.

In Twelfth Night, Act iii. sc. 1, the Clown says to Viola, — But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them;" which strikes us as a probable allusion to the forecited order. Moreover, the Puritans were especially forward and zealous in urging the complaints which put the Privy Council upon issuing this stringent process; and it will hardly be disputed that the character of Malvolio was meant as a satire upon the virtues of that extraordinary people. That the Poet should be somewhat provoked by their instrumentality in bringing about such tight restraints upon the freedom of his art, was certainly natural enough. And surely it is no slight addition to their many claims on our gratitude, that their characteristic violence against the liberty of

others, and their innate aptness to think, "because they were virtuous, there should be no more cakes and ale," called forth so rich and withal so good-natured a piece of retaliation. And it is a considerable instance of the Poet's equanimity, that he dealt so fairly by them notwithstanding their vexatious assaults, being content merely to play off upon them the divine witchcraft of his genius. Perhaps it should be remarked, that the order in question, though solicited by the authorities of the city, was not enforced; for even at this early date those righteous magistrates had hit upon the method, which they afterwards plied with such fatal success, of stimulating the complaints of discontented citizens, till orders were taken to remove the alleged grievances, and then letting such orders sleep, lest the enforcing thereof should hush those complaints, and thus lose them their cherished opportunities of annoying the Government.

The critics all agree that some outlines of the serious portion of Twelfth Night were drawn, directly or indirectly, from the Italian of Bandello. Several intermediate sources have been pointed out, to which the Poet may have gone; and among them the English of Barnabe Rich, and the French of Belleforest, either of which might well enough have been the true one. Besides these, two Italian plays have lately been discovered, severally entitled *Gl' Inganni* and *Gl' Ingannati*, both also founded upon Bandello though differing considerably from each other. From the way Manningham speaks, it would seem that *Gl' Inganni* was generally regarded at the time as the original of so much of Twelfth Night as was borrowed: yet the play has less of resemblance to this than to any of the other sources mentioned. The point, however, where they all agree, is in having a brother and sister so much alike in person and habit as to be indistinguishable; upon which some of the main incidents are made to turn. In *Gl' Ingannati* there is the further resemblance that Lelia, the heroine, in the disguise of a page serves Flamminio, with whom she is in love, but who is in love with a lady named Isabella; and that Flamminio employs Lelia to plead his cause with Isabella. Mr. Collier thinks it cannot be said with any certainty, that Shakespeare resorted to either of the Italian plays, though he may have read both while considering the best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. As the leading points which they have in common with Shakespeare are much the same in all the authors in question, perhaps we cannot do better than to give an outline or brief abstract of the tale as told by Barnabe Rich; from which a pretty fair estimate of the Poet's obligations may be easily made out. The events of the story, as will be seen, are supposed to have taken place before Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks.

A certain duke, named Apolonius, had served a year in the wars against the Turk. Returning homewards by sea, he was

driven by stress of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus the governor, whose daughter Silla fell so deeply in love with him, that after his departure to Constantinople she forsook home in pursuit of him, having persuaded her man Pedro to go along with her. For security against such perils and injuries as are apt to befall young ladies in her situation, she assumed the dress and name of her brother Silvio, who was absent from home when she left. Coming to Constantinople she inquired out the residence of Apolonius, and presented herself before him, craving to be his servant; and he, being well disposed towards strangers and liking her appearance, took her into his service. Her smooth and gentle behaviour soon won his confidence, and her happy diligence in waiting upon him caused her to be advanced above all the rest of his servants in credit and trust.

At this time there dwelt in the city a lady widow named Julina, whose husband had lately died, leaving her large possessions and rich livings, and who, moreover, surpassed all the ladies of Constantinople in beauty. Her attractions of course proved too much for the Duke: he became an earnest suitor to the lady, and employed his new servant to carry his love-tokens and forward his suit. Thus, besides her other afflictions, this piece of disguised sweetness had to endure the greater one of being the instrument to work her own mishap, and of playing the attorney in a cause that made against herself: nevertheless, being altogether desirous to please her master, and caring nothing at all to offend herself, she urged his suit with as much zeal as if it had been her own preferment. But 'twas not long till Silla's sweetness stole through her disguise right into the heart of the lady Julina, who at length got so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell as much in love with the servant as the master was with herself. Thus things went on, till one day Silla, being sent with a message to the lady, began to solicit very warmly for the Duke, when Julina interrupted her, saying, — Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master: henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all.

Meanwhile Silla's brother, the right Silvio indeed, had returned home to Cyprus; and was much grieved to find her missing, whom he loved the more tenderly for that, besides being his own sister, she was so like him in person and feature that no one could distinguish them, save by their apparel. Learning how she had disappeared, and supposing that Pedro had seduced and stolen her away, he vowed to his father that he would not only seek out his sister, but take revenge on the servant. In this mind he departed, and, after seeking through many towns and cities in vain, arrived at Constantinople. One evening, as he was walking for recreation on a pleasant green without the walls of the city, he chanced to meet the lady Julina, who had also gone forth to take the air. Casting her eyes upon Silvio, and thinking him to

be the messenger that had so often done enchantment upon her, she drew him aside, and soon courted him into a successful courtship of herself. Of course she was not long in getting tied up beyond the Duke's hope. Now Apolonius had already conceived such a tender friendship for his gentle page as always makes the better part of a genuine love. The appearance of Silla's brother forthwith brings about a full disclosure what and who she is; whereupon the Duke, seeing the lady widow now quite beyond his reach, and learning what precious riches are already his in the form of a serving-man, transfers his heart to Silla, and takes her to his bosom.

The story of Apolonius and Silla, which was evidently made from the matter of Bandello's *Nicuola*, is in a collection entitled Rich's Farewell to The Military Profession, which was originally published somewhere between 1578 and 1581, and re-issued in 1606; — a book, says Rich, "containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time, and gathered together for the only delight of the courteous gentlewomen of England and Ireland." Whether Shakespeare drew directly from this source is very doubtful, there being no verbal resemblances whereby such obligations may usually be traced. Mr. Collier thinks there might be in Shakespeare's time some version of Bandello more like the original than that made by Rich; and that, whether there were or not, the Poet may have gone to the Italian story, since *Le Novelle di Bandello* were very well known in England as early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is observable that the lady Julina of Rich's novel, who answers to the Olivia of Twelfth Night, is a widow; and that Manningham speaks of Olivia as a "widow." Which suggests that she may have been so represented in the play as acted at the Readers' Feast in 1602; the Poet afterwards making the change: but it seems more likely that the barrister's recollections of Julina got mixed up with his impression of Olivia; the similarity of the stories being apt enough to generate such a confusion.

Thus it appears that the most objectionable, or rather the least admirable points in Twelfth Night are precisely those which were least original with the Poet; they being already familiar to his audience, and recommended to his use by the popular literature of the time. Nor is it to be overlooked that his borrowings relate only to the plot of the work, the poetry and character being all his own; and that, here as elsewhere, he used what he took merely as the canvas whereon to pencil out and express the breathing creatures of his mind. As to the comic portion, there is no pretence that any hints or traces of it are to be found in any preceding writer.

Mr. Knight justly remarks upon the singularly composite society here delineated, that while the period of action is undefined and the scene laid in Illyria, the names of the persons are a mix

ture of Spanish, Italian, and English. And the discrepancies thence arising he thinks may be best made up, by supposing Duke Orsino to be a Venetian governor of so much of ancient Illyria as remained subject to Venice at the beginning of the seventeenth century; his attendants, Valentine, Curio, &c., as well as Olivia, Malvolio, and Maria, being also Venetians: and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew to be English residents; the former, a maternal uncle to Olivia,—her father, a Venetian count, having married his sister.

This discrepancy in the grouping of the persons, whether so intended or not, very well accords with the spirit in which, or the occasion for which, the title indicates the play to have been written. Twelfth Day, anciently so called as being the twelfth after Christmas, is the day whereon the Church has always kept the feast of "The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles." by the miraculous leading of a star. So that, in preparing a Twelfth-Night entertainment the idea of fitness might aptly suggest, that national lines and distinctions should be lost in the paramount ties of a common Religion: and that people the most diverse in kindred and tongue should draw together in the sentiment of One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism; their social mirth being thus seasoned with a spicery of heaven, and relishing of universal brotherhood.

The general scope and plan of Twelfth Night, *as a work of art*, is wisely hinted in its second title: all the comic elements being, as it were, thrown out simultaneously and held in a sort of equipoise, thus leaving the readers to fix the preponderance where will best suit their several bent or state of mind; so that within certain limits and conditions each may take the work in *what sense he will*. For where no special prominence is given to one thing, there must needs be wide scope for individual aptitudes and inclinations, and great freedom for every one to select for virtual prominence such parts as best express or knit in with what is uppermost in his thoughts.

Taking another view of Twelfth Night in the light of the same principle, the significancy of the title is further traceable in a peculiar spontaneousness running though the play. Replete as it is with humours and oddities, they all seem to spring up of their own accord; the comic characters being free alike from disguises and pretensions, and seeking merely to let off their inward redundancy; caring not at all whether every body or nobody sees them, so they may have their whim out, and giving utterance to folly and nonsense simply because they cannot help it. Thus their very deformities have a certain grace, since they are genuine and of nature's planting: absurdity and whimsicality are indigenous to the soil, and shoot up in free, happy luxuriance, from the life that is in them. And by thus setting the characters out in their happiest aspects, the Poet contrives to make them simply ludicr-

and diverting, instead of putting upon them the construction of wit or spleen, and thereby making them ridiculous or contempti ble. Hence it is that we so readily enter into a sort of fellowship with them; their foibles and follies being shown up in such a spirit of good humour that the subjects themselves would rather join with us in laughing, than be angered or hurt by the exhibition. Moreover, the high and the low are here seen moving in free and familiar intercourse, without any apparent consciousness of their respective ranks: the humours and comicalities of the play keep running and frisking in among the serious parts, to their mutual advantage; the connection between them being of a kind to be felt, not described.

Thus the piece overflows with the genial, free-and-easy spirit of a merry Twelfth Night. Chance, caprice, and intrigue, it is true, are brought together in about equal portions; and their meeting, and crossing, and mutual tripping, cause a deal of perplexity and confusion, defeating the hopes of some, suspending those of others: yet here, as is often the case in actual life, from this conflict of opposites order and happiness spring up as the final result: if what we call accident thwart one cherished purpose, it draws on something better; blighting a full-blown expectation now, to help the blossoming of a nobler one hereafter: and it so happens in the end that all the persons but two either have *what they will*, or grow willing to have what comes to their hand.

If the characters of this play be generally less interesting in themselves than some we meet with elsewhere in the Poet's works, the defect is pretty well made up by the felicitous grouping of them. For broad comic effect, the cluster of which Sir Toby is the centre, — all of them drawn in clear yet delicate colours, — is inferior only to the unparalleled assemblage that makes rich the air of Eastcheap. Of Sir Toby himself, — that most whimsical, madcap, frolicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of sprees, with a plentiful stock of wit and an equal lack of money to keep it in mo tion, — it is enough to say, with one of the best of Shakespearian critics, that "he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels;" and that though "not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him." Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, the aspiring, lack a-daisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of butt and foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all upon Slender's province. There can scarce be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling him out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it

is, that while Sir Toby thoroughly understands him he has not himself the slightest suspicion what he is, being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it. — Malvolio, the self-love-sick Steward, has hardly had justice done him, his bad qualities being indeed just of the kind to defeat the recognition of his good ones. He represents a class of men, not quite extinct even yet, whose leading characteristic is moral vanity and conceit, and who are never satisfied with a law that leaves them free to do right, unless it also give them power to keep others from doing wrong. Of course, therefore, he has too much conscience to mind his own business, and is too pure to tolerate mirth in others, because too much swollen and stiffened with self-love to be merry himself. But here again Mr. Verplanck has spoken so happily that we must needs quote him: "The gravity, the acquirement, the real talent and accomplishment of the man, all made ludicrous, fantastical, and absurd, by his intense vanity, is as true a conception as it is original and droll, and its truth may still be frequently attested by comparison with real Malvolios, to be found every where from humble domestic life up to the high places of learning, of the state, and even of the Church." — Maria's quaint stratagem of the letter is evidently for the purpose of disclosing to others what her keener sagacity has discovered long before; and its working lifts her into a model of arch roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this "noble gull-catcher" and most "excellent devil of wit," bewitch Malvolio into "a contemplative idiot," practising upon his vanity and conceit until he seems ready to burst with an ecstasy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him are almost painfully diverting. At length, however, our merriment at seeing him "jet under his advanc'd plumes" passes into pity for his sufferings, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. Doubtless the Poet meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our feelings over on his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity could make us do to justice to his real worth. — The shrewd, mirth-loving Fabian, who in greedy silence devours up fun, being made so happy by the first tastings, that he dare not laugh lest the noise thereof should lose him the remainder; and the witty-wise Fool, who lives but to jest out philosophy, and moralize the scenes where he moves, by "pinning the pied lappets of his wit to the backs of all about him," complete this strange group of laughing and laughter-moving personages.

Such are the scenes, such the characters that enliven Olivia's mansion during the play; Olivia herself, calm, cheerful, of "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing," hovering about them, sometimes unbending, never losing her dignity among them

often checking, oftener enjoying their merry-makings, and occasionally emerging from her seclusion to be plagued by the Duke's message and bewitched by his messenger: and Viola, always perfect in her part, yet always shrinking from it, appearing among them from time to time on her embassies of love; sometimes a partaker, sometimes a provoker, sometimes the victim, of their mischievous sport.

All this array of comicalities, exhilarating as it is in itself, is rendered doubly so by the frequent changes and playings-in of poetry breathed from the sweetest spots of romance, and which "gives a very echo to the seat where Love is thron'd;" ideas and images of beauty creeping and stealing over the mind with footsteps so soft and delicate that we scarce know what touches us, — the motions of one that had learned to tread

> "As if the wind, not he, did walk,
> Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

Upon this portion of the play Hazlitt remarks in his spirited way, — "Much as we think of catches, and cakes and ale, there is something that we like better. We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we have an understanding with the Clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross-garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment: But there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this."

Olivia is a considerable instance how much a fair and candid setting-forth may do to render an ordinary person attractive, and shows that for the home-bred comforts and fireside tenor of life such persons after all are apt to be the best; and it is not a little remarkable that one so wilful and perverse on certain points should be so agreeable and interesting upon the whole. If it seem rather naughty in her not to give the Duke a fair chance to try his powers upon her, she gets pretty well paid in falling a victim to the eloquence which her obstinacy stirs up and provokes. Nor is it altogether certain whether her conduct springs from a pride that will not listen where her fancy is not taken, or from an unambitious modesty that prefers not to "match above her degree." Her

> "beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,"

saves the credit of the fancy-smitten Duke in such an urgency of suit as might else breed some question of his manliness: and her winning infirmity, as expressed in the sweet violence with which she hastens on "a contract and eternal bond of love" with the astonished and bewildered Sebastian, "that her most jealous and

too doubtful soul may live at peace," shows how well the sternness of the brain may be tempered into amiability by the meekness of womanhood Manifold indeed are the attractions which the Poet has shed upon his heroes and heroines; yet perhaps the learned spirit of the man is more wisely apparent in the home-keeping virtues and unostentatious beauty of his average characters. And surely the contemplation of Olivia may well suggest the question, whether the former be not sometimes too admirable to be so instructive as those whose graces walk more in the light of common day.

Similar thoughts might aptly enough be started by the Duke, who, without any very splendid or striking qualities, manages somehow to be a highly agreeable and interesting person. His character is merely that of an accomplished gentleman, enraptured at the touch of music, and the sport of thick-thronging fancies. It is plain that Olivia has rather enchanted his imagination than won his heart; though he is not himself aware that such is the case. This fancy-sickness, for it appears to be nothing else, naturally renders him somewhat capricious and fantastical, "unstaid and skittish" in his motions; and, but for the exquisite poetry which it inspires him to utter, would rather stir up our mirth than start our sympathy. To use an illustration from another play, Olivia is not so much his Juliet as his Rosaline; and perhaps a secret impression of something like this is the real cause of her rejecting his suit. Accordingly when he sees her placed beyond his hope he has no more trouble about her; but turns and builds a true affection where, during the preoccupancy of his imagination, so many sweet and tender appeals have been made to his heart.

In Viola, what were else not a little scattered are thoroughly composed; her character being the unifying power that draws and binds together the several groups of persons in true dramatic consistency. Love-taught herself, it was for her to teach both the Duke and the Countess how to love: indeed she plays into all the other parts, causing them to embrace and kiss within the compass of her circulation. And yet, like some subtle agency working most where we perceive it least, she does all this in such a way as not to render herself a special prominence in the play.

It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before the assumption of her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book even of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were one of the motives, or one of the consequences, of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than hers. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia: complicated out of all the elements of her richly-gifted, sweetly-tempered nature, it is strong without violence; never mars the innate

modesty of her character; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

Mrs. Jameson, — who, with the best right to know what belongs to woman, unites a rare talent for taking others along with her and letting them see the choice things which her gifted, genial eye discerns, and who, in respect of Shakespeare's heroines, has left little for after critics to do but quote her words, — remarks that "in Viola a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is for ever breaking through her masquerade; — she plays her part well, but never forgets, nor allows us to forget, that she is playing a part." And, sure enough, every thing about her save her dress "is semblative a woman's part:" she has none of the pretty assumption of a pert, saucy, waggish manhood, which so delights us in the Rosalind of As You Like It; but she has that which, if not better in itself, is more becoming in her, — "the inward and spiritual grace of modesty" pervading all she does and says. Even in her sweet-witted railleries with the comic characters there is all the while an instinctive drawing back of female delicacy, touching our sympathies, and causing us to feel most deeply what she is, when those with whom she is playing least suspect her to be other than she seems. And the same is true concerning her passion, of which she never so speaks as to compromise in the least the delicacies and proprieties of her sex, yet she lets fall many things from which the Duke easily gathers the true drift and quality of her feelings as soon as he learns what she is. — But the great charm of her character lies in a moral rectitude so perfect as to be a secret unto itself; a clear, serene composure of truth, mingling so freely and smoothly with the issues of life, that while, and perhaps even because, she is herself unconscious of it, she is never once tempted to abuse or shirk her trust, though it be to play the attorney in a cause that makes so much against herself. In this respect she presents a fine contrast to Malvolio, who has much virtue indeed, yet not so much but that the counter-pullings of temptation have rendered him deeply conscious of it, and so drawn him into the vice, at once hateful and ridiculous, of moral pride.

Twelfth Night naturally falls, by internal as well as external notes, into the middle period of the author's productive years. It has no such marks of vast but immature powers as are often to be met with in his earlier plays; nor any of "that intense idiosyncrasy of thought and expression, — that unparalleled fusion of the intellectual with the passionate," which distinguishes his later ones. Every thing is calm and quiet, with an air of unruffled serenity and composure about it, as if the Poet had purposely taken to such matter as he could easily mould into graceful and entertaining forms; thus exhibiting none of the crushing muscularity of mind to which the hardest materials afterwards or elsewhere became as limber and pliant as clay in the hands of a potter. Yet the play has a marked severity of taste; the style,

though by no means so great as in some others, is singularly faultless; the graces of wit and poetry are distilled into it with indescribable delicacy, as if they came from a hand at once the most plentiful and the most sparing: in short, the work is every where replete with "the modest charm of not too much;" its beauty, like that of the heroine, being of the still, deep, retiring sort which it takes some time to find, forever to exhaust, and which can be fully caught only by the reflective imagination in "the quiet and still air of delightful studies." Thus all things are disposed in most happy keeping with each other, and tempered in the blandest proportion of art, as if on purpose to show how

> "Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
> And yet the beauty not go less;
> For what is noble should be sweet."

Such, we believe, is pretty nearly our impression of this charming play;—"a drama," as Knight happily describes it, "running over with imagination, and humour, and wit; in which high poetry is welded with intense fun; and we are made to feel that the lofty and the ludicrous in human affairs can only be adequately presented by one who sees the whole from an eagle-height to which ordinary men cannot soar."

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Clown, } Servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-Coast near it.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the DUKE's Palace

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke. IF music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again; — it had a dying fall:[1]
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,[2]

[1] The sense of *dying*, as here used, is technically expressed by *diminuendo*. Respecting the *fall* Lord Bacon says, — "The *falling* from a discord to a concord maketh great sweetness in music." H.

[2] The original has *sound* in this place. The change is Pope's, and, whether right or not, is certainly one of rare felicity. Most readers of the Poet are accustomed to *south*, and therefore it is, perhaps, that *sound* grates somewhat on the ear; for Knight argues so plausibly for the latter word as to breed no little hesitation as to the true reading. Upon the whole, however, to say "the sweet *sound* breathes upon a bank of violets, *stealing and giving odour*," seems hardly allowable; unless it be proper to speak of "smelling music," which would evidently be too comic for such a strain of poetry as this. In Sidney's Arcadia we read: "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle *south*-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer;" and "the flock of unspeakable virtues," which occurs soon after, is so like "the flock of all affections else that live in her" as to suggest that the Poet must here have fed upon the sweet pages of the Hero; thus lending some confirmation to the reading we have adopted. H.

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.[3] — Enough! no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity [4] and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.[5] — How now! what news from her?

[3] Milton seems to have had this in his eye when he wrote the richly-freighted lines:

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils." H.

[4] That is, worth, value. So, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. sc. 3: "Behold this ring, whose high respect and rich *validity* did lack a parallel." H.

[5] Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Lord Bacon's, who, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,[6]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season [7]
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock [8] of all affections else
That live in her: when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king.[9] —

[6] *Heat* for *heated*.

[7] That is, preserve. The Poet elsewhere uses *season* in this sense. Thus in Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. sc. 3:

> "Jesu Maria! what a deal of *brine*
> Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
> How much salt water thrown away in waste,
> To *season* love!" H.

[8] See note 2, before.

[9] It seems impossible to clear this passage of obscurity, all attempts that way having failed. Mr. Collier says, — "The passage would run better for the sense, and equally well for the verse, if it were to read,

> 'when liver, brain, and heart,
> These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,
> Are all supplied and fill'd with one self king.'"

Which may give the true meaning, if it be not the right order, of the text. The marks of parenthesis, though needful as the text stands, are not in the original. Knight says, — "The phrase ought probably to be, 'Her sweet perfection.' The filling of the 'sovereign thrones' with 'one self king' is the *perfection* of Olivia's merits

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, *Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: — What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O, my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number[1] sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

— according to the ancient doctrine that a woman was not complete till her union with 'a self king.'" Whichever of these be taken, the sense seems just and natural enough, and we have no third suggestion to offer. "Liver, brain, and heart," says Steevens, "are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments." *Self king* apparently means the same as *self-same* king; as in Lear Regan says, — "I am made of that *self* metal as my sister." Accordingly the second folio reads, "with one self-*same* king," as if to complete the measure: but the endings, *tion* and *sion*, were often used as two syllables by the old poets. H.

[1] Number is here used as the plural, so that *those* should not be changed to *that*, as it usually is. H.

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love
They say she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady!
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.[2]

Cap. That were hard to compass,

[2] That is, "I wish I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design."

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke:
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him.[3]
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow[4] me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

[3] This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page*, not as an *eunuch*

[4] Approve.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall [1] a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,[2] and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, — almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

[1] The use of *tall* for *bold, valiant, stout,* was common in Shakespeare's time, and occurs several times in his works. See Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 4, and note. Sir Toby is evidently bantering with the word, Sir Andrew being equally deficient in spirit and in stature. H.

[2] That is the *viol-di-gambo,* a kind of violincello with six strings, then much used; so called because held between the legs. H

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril,[3] that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.[4] What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo;*[5] for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

[3] Holinshed classes *coisterels* with lacqueys and women, the unwarlike followers of an army. It was thus used as a term of contempt. Nares says, — "A coystrel, or *kestril*, in falconry, is sometimes wrongly used for the name of a worthless, mongrel kind of hawk." H.

[4] A large top was formerly kept in each village of "merry England," for the peasantry to exercise and amuse themselves with in frosty weather. "He sleeps like a town-top," is an old proverb. H.

[5] It is generally allowed that here is a mistake; though whether it be the printer's or Sir Toby's, is somewhat questionable. Warburton proposed *volto*, wherein he has generally been followed The meaning in this case would be, "put on a Castilian face,' that is, grave looks; as in Hall's Satires:

> "He can kiss his hand in gree,
> And with good grace bow it below the knee,
> Or make a *Spanish face* with fawning cheer."

As the text stands it is difficult to affix any meaning to it. Mr Verplanck very aptly suggests that both *vulgo* and *volto* may be right; Sir Toby *using* the one and *meaning* the other, thus blundering, as he has done a little before in using *viol-de-gamboys* for *viol-di-gambo*. The Knight has already said that Sir Andrew "speaks three or four languages;" and it is not unlikely that he is here rivalling his learned friend, or perhaps ridiculing him. H

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.[6]

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost, —

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.[7]

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

[6] Sir Toby speaks more learnedly than intelligibly here, using *accost* in its original sense. The word is from the French *accoster*, to come *side by side*, or to *approach*. *Accost* is seldom used thus, which accounts for Sir Andrew's mistake. H.

[7] The *buttery* was formerly a place for all sorts of gastric refreshments; and a dry hand was considered a symptom of drunkenness. H

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.[8]

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the Count: she'll not match

[8] The original has *cool my nature.* The credit of the happy emendation belongs to Theobald. H.

above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?[9] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?[10] My very walk should be a jig:

[9] *Mistress Mall* was a very celebrated character of the Poet's time, who played many parts (not on the stage) in male attire. Her real name was Mary Frith, though commonly known as Mall Cutpurse. In 1610 a book was entered at the Stationers, called "The Madde Prankes of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what purpose, by John Day." Middleton and Dekker wrote a comedy entitled The Roaring Girl, of which she was the heroine. The Poet here intimates that her picture was curtained to keep off the dust; others say, because it was not fit to be seen H.

[10] *Galliard* and *coranto* are names of dances: the galliard, a lively, stirring dance, from a Spanish word signifying cheerful, gay; the coranto, a quick dance for two persons, described as "traversing and running, as our country dance, but having twice as much in a strain." *Sink-a-pace,* that is, *cinque-pas,* "the name of a dance the measures whereof are regulated by the number five;" thus spoken of by Sir John Davies, in his poem on Dancing:

"Five was the number of the music's feet,
Which still the dance did with five paces meet." H.

I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'sk-colour'd stock.[11] Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs.[12] Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

[11] *Stock* is here used for *stocking*. The original has *dam'd colour'd*, evidently a misprint, which Pope changed to *flame-colour'd*. The change has been generally accepted, though no authority for it has been adduced. Knight proposes *damask-colour'd*, which, besides being quite as good in itself, comes nearer the original text. He says, — "It is evident that, if damask were written as pronounced rapidly, dam'sk, it might easily be misprinted *dam'd*." Drayton has "the damask-colour'd dove," and in this play we have "damask cheek." H.

[12] Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacs. Both the knights are wrong, but their ignorance is perhaps intentional. *Taurus* is made to govern the *neck and throat*.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. — Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait[1] unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspéct.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. — Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,

[1] Go thy way

When least in company. — Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside.*] yet, a barful[2] strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten[1] answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it, and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent: or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

[2] That is, a strife full of *bars*, or impediments.

[1] Probably, as Johnson says, "a good *dry* answer. A dry fig was called a *lenten* fig. In fact lenten fare was dry fare." Lenten might be applied to any thing that marked the season of Lent. Thus Taylor, the water-poet, speaks of "a lenten top," which people amused themselves with during Lent; and in Hamlet we have, "what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you," referring, apparently, to the restrictions then put upon plays during that season.

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break,[2] the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue! no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit. — God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that trans

[2] *Points* were laces which fastened the hose or breeches. Thus Falstaff: "Their points broken, down fell their hose." Maria is of course punning on *points*.

gresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. — The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;*[3] that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

[3] That is "A cow does not make a monk." H.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.[4]

Oli. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,[5] that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool,[6] though he

[4] Douce explained this to mean "fools' baubles;" which has been generally received. But Mr. Dyce says,—"'*The fools zanies*' is equivalent to 'the buffoons, or mimics, of the fools;' zany, both as a substantive and verb, being commonly used in that sense by our early writers." In proof of this he quotes from Drayton,—

> "Thou art the Fowler, and dost show us shapes,
> And we are all thy *zanies*, thy true apes."

And again from Marston,—

> "Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,
> When they will *zany* men."

To which we will add the following from Donne's verses "To Mr. J. W.:"

> "Then write, that I may follow, and so be
> Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foil, thy *zanee*.
> I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
> All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.'

All which seem pretty decisive of the question. H.

[5] *Bird-bolts* were short thick arrows with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds.

[6] An *allow'd fool* was the domestic fool or court fool, like the Clown in All's Well that Ends Well, and like Touchstone in As You Like It; that is, the jester by profession, who dressed in motley; with whom folly was an art; and whose functions are so

do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing,[7] for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains; for here comes one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.[8]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

admirably set forth by Jaques in the last-mentioned play, Act ii. sc. 7. H.

[7] That is, *lying*. The Clown means, that unless Olivia lied she could not "speak well of fools;" therefore he prays Mercury to endue her with *leasing*. H.

[8] The membrane that covers the brain.

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here. — A plague o'these pickle-herrings! — How now, sot?[9]

Clo. Good Sir Toby, —

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman. one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll

[9] *Sot* is often used by the Poet for *fool*; as in The Merry Wives Dr. Caius says.—"Have you make-a de *sot* of us?" H

stand at your door like a sheriff's post,[10] and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling[11] when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face: We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you tell me, if this be the lady of

[10] The sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors on which proclamations and placards were affixed.

[11] A *codling*, according to Mr. Gifford, means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape.

the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible [12] even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart! and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull [13] here a

[12] That is, susceptible, or sensitive. The proper meaning of the word is *accountable.* H.

[13] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.

little longer. — Some mollification for your giant,[14] sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.[15]

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

[14] Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant.

[15] This is usually printed thus:

"*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger."

We give the passage as it stands in the original; the sense being — "I am a messenger; therefore tell me your mind that I may bear back an answer." So that the change is quite needless though the meaning be clear enough either way. H.

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present:[16] — Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir: 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruelest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir! I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud:
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O! such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

[16] Modern editions generally insert *as* before *I*, and then turn the adjective, *present*, into a verb: "such a one as I was, this presents." It is to be borne in mind that the idea of a picture is continued. So that the change is worse than useless; the meaning being, — "behold the picture of me, such as I am at the present moment." H.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd,[17] free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons[18] of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air[19]
Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;

[17] That is, well-reputed for his knowledge in languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time. H.

[18] *Cantons* is the old English word for *cantos*. H.

[19] A Shakesperian expression for *echo*. H

And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." — I'll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. — Not too fast: soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man. — How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague.
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What, ho! Malvolio! —

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The County's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.[20]
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;[21]
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

[20] That is, she fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

[21] That is, we are not our own masters, we cannot govern ourselves. *Owe* for *own, possess.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.[1] But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express[2] myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,[3] whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleas'd, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beauti-

[1] That is, wandering about, with no particular place in view. H.
[2] Reveal.
[3] Probably intended for *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago

ful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder,[4] overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio! forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.[5]

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:

[4] That is, esteeming wonder. Shakespeare sometimes uses the active and passive adjectives interchangeably. Thus in Milton we find "*unexpressive* notes," for inexpressible. H.

[5] Mr. Knight thinks, and apparently with good reason, that in this passage reference is had to a superstition thus indicated by Sir Walter Scott in The Pirate: When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce the pedler says to him, — "Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be, if any of the owners survived. This practice, he says, continued into the eighteenth century, and "was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors." H

But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.[1]

Vio. She took the ring of me. — I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,[2]
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none.
I am the man: — If it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

[1] That is, understand it so. H.

[2] That is, the fixed and eager view she took of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant [3] enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false [4]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.[5]
How will this fadge? [6] My master loves her dearly:
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit*

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *and Sir* Andrew Ague cheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*,[1] thou know'st, —

[3] Dexterous, cunning.

[4] *Proper* is here used in the sense of *handsome;* the meaning of the passage being, — "How easy it is for handsome deceivers to print their forms in the waxen hearts of women." Such compounds as proper-false are not unusual in Shakespeare. *Beauteous-evil* occurs in this play. H.

[5] *Such* evidently refers to frailty in the preceding line; the sense being, — "Since we are made of frailty, we must needs be frail." The original, however, reads, — "For, such as we are made, *if* such we be;" that is, if we be frail, we are such as we are made. So that the sense seems good enough either way; which breeds no little doubt whether Malone's emendation ought to be admitted. H.

[6] That is, fit, agree. Thus Drayton: "With flattery my muse could never *fadge*." H.

[1] *Diluculo surgere, saluberrimum est.* This adage is in Lilly's Grammar.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.[2]

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say! — a stoup[3] of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?[4]

Sir To. Welcome, ass: now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[5] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:[6] Hadst it?

[2] A ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:

"Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."

[3] That is, cup.

[4] Alluding to an old common sign representing *two* fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, "We three loggerheads be."

[5] *Breast* was often used for *voice* in the Poet's time. Thus we have the phrase, "singing men *well-breasted*." Did this use of the word grow from the form of the breast having something to do with the quality of the voice? H.

[6] That is, for thy sweetheart. The original has *lemon*, which

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity;[7] for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril[8] of me too: if one knight give a —

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?[9]

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Song.

Clo. O, mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

Mr. Collier oddly enough restores, supposing that Sir Andrew sent a sixpence to buy a lemon, or to pay for one! H.

[7] That is, impetticoat, or impocket, thy gratuity. Some have complained seriously that they could not understand the *Clown* in this scene; which is shrewd proof they did not understand the *Poet!* H.

[8] *Testril* is the same as testern, an account of which is given in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. sc. 1. H.

[9] That is, a civil and virtuous song, as it is called in The Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. H

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,[10]
Youth's a stuff will not endure

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance[11] indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?[12] shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvo

[10] *Sweet-and-twenty* appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

[11] Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

[12] Shakespeare represents weavers much given to harmony in his time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*, a rhodomontade way of expressing, that it would give this warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another man.

lio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian;[13] we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey; and "Three merry men be we!" Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilley-valley,[14] lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. "O! the twelfth day of December,"—[15]

[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak

[13] This word generally signified a sharper. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

[14] An interjection of contempt equivalent to fiddle-faddle.

[15] With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in 2 Henry IV., where master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, "O! the twelfth day of December" is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of "There dwelt a man in Babylon," which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." "Three merry men be we" seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called "Robin Hood and the Tanner." "Peg-a-Ramsey," or Peggy Ramsey, was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. "Thou knave" was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

out your coziers'[16] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up![17]

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."[18]

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O, no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o'tune! — Sir, ye lie. — Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because

[16] *Coziers* means *botchers*, whether botching with needles or with awls. H.

[17] A word of contempt the original meaning of which is lost, but which came to signify, — "Go hang yourself," or "Go and be hanged." H.

[18] This is the first line of an old ballad, entitled Corydon's Farewell to Phillis. It was inserted in Percy's Reliques from an ancient miscellany, called The Golden Garland of Princely Delights. The musical dialogue that follows between Sir Toby and the Clown is adapted to their purpose from the first two stanzas of the ballad. H.

thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right. — Go, sir, rub your chain [19] with crums. — A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into an aye-word,[20] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

[19] Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing "velvet or satin with a chain of gold." One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was *rubbing it with crums*. Thus in Webster's Duchess of Malfy: "Yea and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scour his gold chain.*" H.

[20] That is, a by-word. In the original it is *an ayword;* but whether the *n* got misplaced, or the meaning be *aye-word,* nobody can tell. *Nay-word* occurs in The Merry Wives of Windsor, but in the sense of *watchword.* S

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What! for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; an affection'd ass,[21] that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:[22] the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

[21] An *affected* ass. Affection was often used for affectation H.

[22] That is, by great parcels or heaps. *Swarths* are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell [*Exit*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.[23]

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. — Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.[24]

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music: — Now, good morrow, friends: —
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

[23] Penthesilea was queen of the Amazons, and killed by Achilles in the Trojan War, *politely.* H.

[24] This term of contempt probably signified call me *gelding* or horse. *Cut* was a common contraction of *curtail.* One of the carriers' horses in Henry IV. is called *Cut.*

That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms,[1]
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: —
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO. — *Music.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. — How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour[2] that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take

[1] *Recalled, repeated* terms, alluding to the repetitions in songs.
[2] *Favour* is often used for *feature*. Viola in her reply plays upon the word. H.

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself.
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas! that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and Clown.*

Duke. O, fellow! come, the song we had last night. —
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free [3] maids that weave their thread with bones,

[3] In our older language *free* was often used for *chaste, pure*. Thus Chaucer in the Prioress's Tale:

"O mother maide, O maide and mother *free*."

"This song I have heard say,
Was makid of our blissful Lady *free*." —

"Wherefore I sing, and sing I mote certain
In honour of that blisful maiden *free*."

In the Speculum Vitæ of Richard Rolle it is thus applied:

"For our Lorde wolde boren be
Of a weddid woman that was *free*,
That was blessid Marye *mayde clene*."

Drayton uses it in his fourth Eclogue:

"A daughter cleped Dowsabel, a maiden *fair and free*"

And Ben Jonson makes it part of the praise he lavishes on Lucy Countess of Bedford:

"I meant to make her fair, and *free*, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great."

Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,[4]
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.[5]

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

Song.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee! and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal![6] — I would have men

[4] *Silly sooth*, or rather *sely sooth*, is simple truth.

[5] The *old age* is the *ages past*, times of simplicity.

[6] The opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights.

of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. — Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place. —

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia; you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know, —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; — and yet I know not: —
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: — Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: — How now, my metal of India?[1]

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets[2] under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight! I could so beat the rogue. —

[1] The first folio reads, "*mettle* of India," which was altered in the second to *nettle*. Metal of India plainly means, my precious girl, my heart of gold. H.

[2] To *jet* was to *strut*. "To *jette* lordly through the streets that men may see them. *Incedere magnifice per ora hominum.*" Baret. So, in Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois: "To *jet* in other's plumes so haughtily"

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio. —

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy [3] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination blows [4] him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,[5] to hit him in the eye!

Mal. — calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping; —

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. — and then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, — telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, - to ask for my kinsman Toby, —

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

[3] Respecting this name, Mr. Collier says, — "There is, doubtless, an allusion here to some popular story now not known; 'Strachy' being the name of some noble family of which one of the female branches had condescended to marry a menial. Possibly that family was the Strozzi of Florence; and the copyist of Shakespeare's manuscript, not being able to read the word, wrote 'Strachy' for *Strozzi*, or *Strozzy*." Mr. R. P. Knight conjectured that *Strachy* was a corruption of the Italian *Stratico*, a word derived from the low Latin *Strategus*, or *Straticus*, and often used for the governor of a city or province. Other explanations have been offered; but if the reader cannot select from these two, much less would he be able to do so from all of them. H.

[4] That is, puffs him up. So in Bacon's Advancement of Learning: "Knowledge *bloweth* up, but charity buildeth up." H.

[5] A bow for hurling stones. H

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. — seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies[6] there to me: —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cords, yet peace!

Mal. — I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. — saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech: " —

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. — "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience! or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight; " —

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. — "one Sir Andrew."[8]

[6] It is probable that this word was used to express acts of civility and reverence, by either men or women indiscriminately.

[7] In The Two Gentlemen of Verona Launce says: "Yet I am in love; but *a team of horse* shall not *pluck that from* me." If locomotives had been in use in Shakespeare's time, commentators would have been spared no little perplexity about *cars*. As it is, it seems impossible to give any satisfactory explanation of the word; no *cars* of that time being known that could *draw*. Tyrwhitt proposes to read *cables*. H.

[8] It may be worthy of remark, that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of Almaschar in The Arabian Nights. Some of the expressions

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] "To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases! — By your leave, wax. — Soft! — and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*]

"Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips do not move:
No man must know."

"No man must know." — What follows? the number's alter'd! — "No man must know:" — If this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![9]

too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of The Arabian Nights had appeared. In The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized, printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related.

[9] That is, *badger*, a term of contempt. So, in the Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele: "This *self-conceited brock*.

Mal. [*Reads.*]

"I may command, where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel[10] checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.[11] There is no obstruction in this.—And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O! ay, make up that:—He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter[12] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio:—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M:—But then there is no consonancy in the

[10] The common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. *To check*, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them."

[11] That is, to any one *in his senses*, or whose *capacity* is not out of *form*.

[12] *Sowter* is here used as the name of a hound. *Sowterly* is often employed as a term of abuse: a *Sowter* was a cobbler or botcher; quasi *Sutor*.

sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O! shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I:—This simulation is not as the former;—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd:[13] I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,—

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross

[13] A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters *crossed* on the leg. It should be remembered that rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcomical.

acquaintance, I will be point-device,[14] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! — Here is yet a postscript.

"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee."

Jove, I thank thee. — I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

[14] That is, *exactly* the same in every particular. The etymology of this phrase is very uncertain. The most probable seems the French *à point devisé*. "*A poinct*," says Nicot, "adverbe. C'est en ordre et estat deu et convenable." We have also *point blank* for *direct*, from the same source.

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[15] and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, *and Clown with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?[1]

[15] Tyrwhitt conjectured that *tray-trip* was the game of *draughts*; and Mr. Knight produces a passage from Cecil's Correspondence, that favours the conjecture: "There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the king sweep suddenly." An ancient satire called Machiavel's Dog gives further support:

"But, leaving cards, let's go to dice awhile,
To passage, *treitrippe*, hazard, or mum-chance."

Play my freedom means play *for* my freedom; that is, *stake* it. H.

[1] Tarleton in a print before his Jests, 4to. 1611, is represented

Clo. No, sir; I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the Church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the Church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said, sir. — To see this age! — A sentence is but a cheveril glove[2] to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly.

with a *Tabor*. But the instrument is found in the hands of fools, long before the time of Shakespeare.

[2] That is, a *kid* glove, from the French *chevreau*. Ray has a proverb "He hath a conscience like a *cheverel's* skin."

she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold; there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee: I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?[3]

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir; begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.[4] My lady is within, sir. I will conster[5] to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are

[3] That is, two pieces of money, instead of the *one* Viola had given him. H.

[4] In Henryson's Testament of Cresseid she is thus spoken to: "Great penurye thou shalt suffer, and as *a beggar* dye." And again:

"Thou shalt go begging from hous to hous,
With cuppe and clapper like a *Lazarous*."

[5] So in the original. *Conster* is the old form of *construe*, often used by the writers of Shakespeare's time, and occasionally even in the time of Pope. So that the received emendation is not properly admissible. H.

out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard,[6] check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men's folly shown quite taints their wit.[7]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

[6] A *haggard* is a wild or untrained *hawk*, which flies, *checks*, at all birds, or birds of *every feather*, indiscriminately. "The stanyel *checks* at it" occurs in the last scene of the preceding act. See note 10. H.

[7] That is, "wise men's folly, *being* or *having* fallen." The original reads, — "But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit." We concur in the reading proposed by Mr. Collier and endorsed by Mr. Verplanck. The usual reading is, "But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit;" which we are not a little puzzled to understand. The meaning of the passage, as we give it, seems to be: The fool, that is, the professional fool, thrives by folly, because folly is his art; but the involuntary folly of wise men, having lost its value, brings their wit into bad odour; on much the same principle as, — "A liar will not be believed when he speaks the truth." H

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list [8] of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste [9] your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.[10]

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! "Rain odours!" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant [11] and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed": — I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TO., *Sir* AND., *and* MAR

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

[8] *Lists* again occurs in Measure for Measure in the sense of *bounds* or *limits*. H.

[9] *Taste* was sometimes used by the old poets in the sense of *try*. Thus in Chapman's Odyssey: "He now began to *taste* the bow." H.

[10] That is, we are anticipated. So in the 119th Psalm, "Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches."

[11] That is, *ready, apprehensive*.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf. —
Oli. O! by your leave, I pray you:
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady, —
Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving [12]
Enough is shown; a cyprus,[13] not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So, let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise; [14] for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again

[12] Quick apprehension.
[13] That is, a thin veil of crape or *cyprus*
[14] Step: from the French *grez*

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf?
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. —
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward hoe![15]
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. [*Aside.*] O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. —
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre[16] all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

[15] An exclamation used by watermen on the Thames. Westward ho, Northward ho, and Eastward ho, are also used as titles of plays. H

[16] *In spite of:* from the French *malgré.*

But rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving man, than ever she bestow'd upon me: I saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist[1] as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

[1] The Brownists were one of the Puritan sects that arose during the reign of Elizabeth; so called from Robert Brown, their founder, "who," says Mr. Collier, "after separating himself from the Church, and causing much confusion in it for about ten years, returned to it in 1589 or 1590, and died in 1630." Like others of their kind, their leading purpose was to prevent the abuse of certain things, such as laws, by uprooting the use of them. Attempting to reduce the impracticable to practice, their wisdom made them an object of ridicule even till after the Restoration. Malvolio appears to have been intended partly as a satire on the Puritans in general; they being especially strenuous at the time this play was written to have restrictions set upon playing. But there had been a deep-seated grudge between the Puritans and the Dramatists ever since Nash put out the eyes of Martin Marprelate with salt.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst[1] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st*[2] him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware[3] in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:*[4] Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW

Fab. This is a dear mannikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

[1] *Curst* is cross, snappish.

[2] This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's impudent and abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but it has been ascertained that the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to *thou* Sir Walter, unless there were some preëxisting custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was, may be seen by the following passage from the Rule of St. Bridget: "None of hyghenesse schal *thou* another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the younger namely to the elder." One of the authors of "Guesses at Truth" has a very learned and ingenious essay on the subject, wherein he quotes the following from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say,— *What, you ill-bred clown, do you* thou *me!*" H.

[3] This curious piece of furniture was a few years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons

[4] Chamber

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then! and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the Church. — I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: [7] you have not seen

[6] Alluding to the small stature of Maria. Sir Toby elsewhere calls her "the little villain," and Viola ironically speaks of her as "giant." The expression in the text seems to have been proverbial; the *wren* generally laying nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched being the smallest of the brood. The original has "wren of *mine*:" but Theobald's emendation is generally received. H

[7] Alluding to a Map engraved for the English translation of Linschoten's Voyage, published in 1598. This map is multilineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included

such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and very oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth,[2] as is my conscience, firm,

[1] We concur with Mr. Knight in restoring this line as it stands in the original. Mr. Collier puts the colon after *ever*, making no other change. The usual reading is:

"And thanks, and ever thanks: often good turns," &c.

The alteration was made by Steevens, who could not bear that the Poet should have any lines defective in measure. Setting this aside, (if it be worth the setting aside,) there seems to be no difficulty in the passage as it is, unless one be bent upon critical discovery. The meaning of course is, — "It is always common for good turns to be," &c. H

[2] Wealth, or fortune

You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open,

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse:
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio? — he is sad, and civil,[1]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. — I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does

[1] That is, *serious* and *grave*, or *solemn*. Thus in Romeo and Juliet: "Come, *civil* night, thou sober-suited matron all in black."

make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is. "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. —"some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. —"and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. My yellow stockings?

Mal. —"and wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd."

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;" —

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. — "if not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.[2]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; — let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; — put thyself into the trick of singularity:" — and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her;[3] but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be look'd to:" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.

[2] "'Tis midsummer moon with you," was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

[3] Caught her as a bird with birdlime.

Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: — How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit[4] with Satan: Hang him, foul collier![5]

Mar. Get him to say his prayers: good Sir Toby get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

Mal Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which

[4] A game played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole. H.

[5] *Collier* was in Shakespeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb, "Like will to like, as the *devil* with the *collier*"

time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.[6]

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. "I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. —"thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.

[6] It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris Dance.

Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy. —

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie:[7] so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible;[8] for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

[7] A waggish form of *bum-bailiff*. H.

[8] Adjectives are often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries adverbially.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* To., Fab., *and* Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here; wear this jewel[10] for me; 'tis my picture:
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow:
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit*

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to t of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard

[9] That is, bestowed my honour too freely upon a heart of stone H.

[10] *Jewel* anciently signified any precious ornament of superfluity-

end: dismount thy tuck;[11] be yare[12] in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you, therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a knight, dubb'd with unhack'd[13] rapier, and on carpet consideration;[14] but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but

[11] Rapier.

[12] Ready, nimble.

[13] The original reads *unhatch'd* rapier; but many of the best commentators are of the opinion that it should be *unhack'd*. "*Hatching*," according to an old authority, "is to silver or gild the hilt and pomell of a sword or hanger." Hence used generally for to *adorn* or *beautify*. Thus in Shirley's Love in a Maze: "Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd* with silver;" that is, says Gifford, "ornamented with a white or silvery beard." So, also, in Troilus and Cressida: "As venerable Nestor *hatch'd* in silver." So that *unhatch'd rapier* would mean the same as unornamented rapier, which would hardly agree with the use here made of it. *Hatched*, it is true, is sometimes used in the sense of *stained*; but in such cases it is followed by a noun denoting the *material*; as in Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant: "His weapon hatch'd *in blood*." H.

[14] The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says,—"They are termed simply knights of the *carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder, with the words, Rise up, Sir T. A., knight."

by pangs of death and sepulchre: Hob, nob,[15] is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

[15] "*Hob, nob,*" says Mr Collier, "is a corruption of *hap or ne hap;* that is, 'let it happen or not happen; and is equivalent to 'come what may.'"

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.[16] I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in[17] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't! I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't! an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here; make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To* FAB.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. [*To Sir* To.] He is as horribly conceited[18]

[16] *Firago,* for virago. The meaning appears to be, I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is.

[17] A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

[18] He has a horrid conception of him

of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To* Vio.] There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for his oath sake: Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword: — If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[19] I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O, good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

[19] That is, one who takes up or *undertakes* the quarrel of another.

Sir To. [*To* ANT.] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. [*To Sir* AND.] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily; and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man: do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[*To* VIO.] This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd:
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: My having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O, heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir; I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O! how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd [20] by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad: away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with* ANT.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly
That he believes himself; so do not I.[21]
Prove true, imagination, O! prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

[20] Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll work or *flourished* devices.

[21] That is, I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; [22] even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir. And. 'Slid! I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know

[22] His resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure

you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. — Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. — I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,[1] depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand: — These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.[2]

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEB.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* AND.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit* CLOWN.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold! [*Holding* SEB.

[1] *A merry Greek*, or *a foolish Greek*, were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent their time in riotous mirth. Matthew Merry-greek is a character in Ralph Roister Doister, a play written as early as the reign of Edward VI. H.

[2] That is, at a very extravagant price, *twelve* years' purchase being then the current price of estates.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam,—

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: Out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby,[3] be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TO., *Sir* AND., *and* FAB.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart[4] of mine in thee.

[3] Rude fellow.

[4] An equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart*, which were formerly written alike

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream: —
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard: make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble[1] myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall[2] enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors[3] enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson!

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby! for as the old hermit

[1] That is, *disguise*. Shakespeare has here used a Latinism. "*Dissimulo*, to dissemble, to *cloak*, to hide," says Hutton's Dictionary, 1583. And Ovid, speaking of Achilles:

"Veste virum longa *dissimulatus* erat."

[2] The modern editors have changed this to *fat* without any apparent reason; *tall* being sometimes used in the sense of *lusty* and thus making a good antithesis to *lean*. H.

[3] Confederates See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii sc. 6, and note.

of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That, that is, is;" so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is? [4]

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho! I say: — Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows [5] transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories [6] towards the

[4] A humorous banter upon the language of the schools.

[5] *Bay windows* were large projecting windows, probably so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross beams in a building. Minshew says a bay-window is so called "because it is builded in manner of a *bay* or road for ships, that is, round."

[6] *Clear stories*, in Gothic architecture, denote the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave: "Over each side of the nave is a row of *clere story* windows." — *Ormerod's Hist. of Cheshire*, i. 450. The first folio reads clear *stores*, the second folio clear *stones*, which was followed by all subsequent editors. The emendation and explanation are Mr. Blakeway's

south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet com plainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concern ing wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,[7] lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas! Sir Topas! —

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.[8]

[7] The clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

[8] "A proverbial phrase not yet satisfactorily explained. The meaning, however, appears to be, — 'I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character.' Florio in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, — 'He hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things.' And in his 'Second Frutes' there is an expression more resembling the import of that in the text: 'I am a knight for *all saddles*' Nash in his 'Lenten Stuffe,'

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir* To. *and* Maria

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,[9]
Tell me how thy lady does." [*Singing*

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Clo. "She loves another —" Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas! sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

1599, has almost the language of the Clown: 'He is first broken to the sea in the Herring-man's skiffe or cock-boate, where having learned to *brooke all waters*, and drink as he can out of a tarrie can.'"

Such is the Chiswick commentary on the text. To which we can add nothing more than to suggest whether the words of the Clown were not meant as a humorous application of the passage in Isaiah xxxiii. 20: "Blessed are ye that *sow beside al waters*." H.

[9] This ballad may be found in Percy's Reliques. Dr. Nott has also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wiatt the elder

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me;[10] keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.[11] — Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas, —

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas. — Marry, amen. — I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say. —

Clo. Alas! sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[12] for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, — that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

[10] That is, "taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself." So says Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Collier suggests that there may be some allusion to the "properties" of a theatre, which when out of use were thrust into some dark loft or lumber-room. H.

[11] The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest. H

[12] Scolded, reprimanded

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: pr'ythee, begone.

Clo. — "I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,[13]
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil." [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun.
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:

[13] The *Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil however always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. The lines are probably a part of some well-known old comic song, resounding the exploits of this ancient theatrical personage.

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[1]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: There's something in't.
That is deceivable.[2] But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry[3] by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles[4] you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. — What do you say?

[1] That is, belief, or thing believed. H.

[2] That is, deceptive. The Poet often uses the passive and the active adjectives interchangeably. See Act ii. sc. 1, note 4. H.

[3] *Chantry*, a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedra. or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders.

[4] Until.

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth,[5] ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father: — And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

[5] *Troth* or *fidelity.* It should be remarked that this was not an actual *marriage*, but a *betrothing*, affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage; anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals*. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act ii. sc. 2. note 1

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me: now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses,[1] if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O! you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, — One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I

[1] Warburton thought this should read. — "conclusion to be asked, is;" upon which Coleridge remarks: "Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative! The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative.'

come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter ANTONIO *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him. — What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,[2]
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,[3]
Hast made thine enemies?

[2] Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

[3] *Dear* is evidently used in the same sense here as in Hamlet: "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven ere I had seen that day." Tooke has shown that this is much nearer the original sense of the word than the meaning commonly put upon it; *dear* being from the Anglo-Saxon verb to *dere*, which signifies to *hurt*. An object of love, any thing that we hold dear, may obviously

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft draw me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where, being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before
No interim, not a minute's vacancy;
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Countess: now heaven walks on earth!—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness

cause us pain, distress, or anxiety, and is a natural source of care and solicitude: hence the word came to be used in the opposite senses of hateful and beloved. Perhaps we should add, that *dearth* and *dear* are from the same original. H.

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? —
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia, —

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? — Good my lord, —

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat[4] and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love?[5] a savage jealousy,

[4] Dull, gross.

[5] An allusion to the story of Thyamis, as told by Heliodorus in his Ethiopics, of which an English version by Thomas Underdowne was published a second time in 1587. Thyamis was a native of Memphis, and chief of a band of robbers. Chariclea, a Greek, having fallen into his hands, he grew passionately in love with her, and would have married her: but being surprised by a stronger band of robbers, and knowing he must die, he went to the cave where he had secreted her with his other treasures, and, seizing her by the hair with his left hand, with his right plunged a sword in her breast; it being the custom with those barbarians when they despaired of their own life, first to kill those whom they held most dear, so as to have them as companions in the other world.

That sometime savours nobly. — But hear me this
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. —
Come, boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Vio And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long? —
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. [*To* VIOLA.] Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord? — Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety: [6]
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st. — O, welcome, father

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings; [7]
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? [8]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest, —

Oli. O! do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

[6] That is, suppress or disown thy *proper* self; deny what you really are. H.

[7] In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

[8] The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So, in Cary's Present State of England, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, — As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies."

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings! here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the Clown.*

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates [9] than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

[9] Otherways.

Sir To. Then's he's a rogue, and a passy-measures paynim: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave! a thin-fac'd knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir* To., *and Sir* And.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective,[11] that is, and is not.

[10] *Pavin*, derived from *pavo*, a *peacock*, means a slow, heavy dance, such as a drunken man might be supposed to perform. *Passy-measures* is a corruption of *passamezzo*, an Italian name for a style of dancing not much unlike walking. Sir Toby therefore probably means that Dick Surgeon, when overloaded, went through a kind of slow, half-walking dance. It is observable that the Knight is very deep in the science of dancing, and liquor only helps on the outcome of his character. H.

[11] A *perspective* formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way. The several kinds used in Shakespeare's time are enumerated in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, where that alluded to by the Duke is thus described: "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own"—where that which is, is not, or appears, in a different position another thing.

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself? —
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. —
[*To* Vio.] Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say — thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. [*To* OLI.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd:
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
[*To* VIO.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas! now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

A most extracting[12] frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much[13] when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman: — [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam," —

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.[14]

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,[15] my princess, and give ear.

Oli. [*To* FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [*Reads.*] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do

[12] That is, a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its object.

[13] A common expression in the Poet's time, meaning, — it signifies not much. H.

[14] This may be explained: "If you would have the letter read in character, you must allow me to assume the *voice* or frantic tone of a madman."

[15] Consider.

myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-us'd

MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, (these things further thought on,)
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer.—
[*To* VIO.] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister: — you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand, —

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase, —
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck,[16] and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee,
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own case.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;[17]

[16] From the Saxon *geac*, a cuckoo, and here meaning a *fool*. R.

[17] The Poet sometimes uses *important* and *importunate* indiscriminately. R.

In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. — "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:" — But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:" And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace: —
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,[18]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. — Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come,
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt*

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

[18] That is, shall serve, agree, make convenient.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

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